

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

N° 2007.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

Price Fourpence.
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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now open. Admission, (from Eight to Seven o'clock,) One Shilling; Catalogue, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY is NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. until dusk. Admittance, 1s.

ALFRED CLINT, Hon. Secretary.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—THE LAST GARDEN MEETING FOR THIS SEASON will be held on Wednesday, July 11, on which occasion the Grounds of the Duke of Devonshire will, by the kind permission of His Grace, the President of the Society, be open to visitors. FRUIT will be the great feature of this Exhibition.

Tickets, price 5s. each, may be procured at 21, Regent Street, or at the Garden, on the day of meeting, price 7s. 6d. each.

CHISWICK HOUSE.

THE LAST GARDEN MEETING of the HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, for the present season, will be held on WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, on which occasion His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, the President of the Society, has liberally ordered the Grounds of Chiswick House to be open to visitors. FRUIT will be the great feature of this Exhibition.

Tickets, price 5s. each, may be procured at 21, Regent Street, or at the Garden, on the day of meeting, price 7s. 6d. each.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ANNUAL MEETING AT SHREWSBURY, AUGUST 6TH to 14TH.

Patrons.—THE VISCOUNT HILL, Lord Lieutenant of Shropshire.

The LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

President.—THE LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE, F.S.A.

It is requested that speedy notice be given of Memoirs in preparation for the Sections. Programmes of Excursions, &c., to be obtained at the Offices of the Institute, 26, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

GEORGE VULLIAMY, Secretary.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—SIXTH YEAR'S ISSUE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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JULY, 1855.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, IRELAND.—The Professorship of Natural Philosophy in Queen's College, Cork, being about to become vacant, Candidates are requested to forward their Testimonials to the Under Secretary, Dublin Castle, on or before the 1st day of August next, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant.

QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, near Stockbridge, Hants.—Prospectuses may be had on application to GEO. EDMONDSON, Principal. The Second Session of 1855 will commence on the 26th of JULY.

SUPERIOR EDUCATION.—A Lady wishes to recommend a superior Establishment, situated in the immediate vicinity of Kensington Gardens. It is strictly limited in number, and is conducted quite as a private family, being replete with all the attention and comforts of a home. First-rate masters attend.—Full particulars to be obtained of Mrs. CAINE, 18, Chester Terrace, Eaton Square.

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MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY and JOHN WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works Illustrative of the Fine Arts, WILL SELL BY AUCTION, at their house, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on Tuesday, the 10th of JULY, and the following day, at One o'clock precisely, A VALUABLE ASSEMBLAGE OF IMPORTANT BOOKS, FINE BOOKS OF PRINTS in the various Departments of Literature and Art, some extensively ILLUSTRATED WORKS, including, Knight's Pictorial Bible, in 21 vols., enriched with 318 plates; Knight's Original Edition of the Pictorial Shakspeare and Biography, extended by a Supplement of 629 plates to 44 vols.; a complete set of Tudor and Elizabethan Drama in 12 vols.; a fine collection of the best English Poets, including 12 vols. of the Poets of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, along with the remaining copies of Baker's History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire.

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 7. Dr. W. L. Lindsay on the Dyeing Properties of Lichens.
 8. James Napier on the Trap Dikes between the Bays of Boddam
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 tive Organisms in the production of Epidemic Diseases. 10. Mr.
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Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. London: Longman and Co.

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 Critical Review, &c., in Electro-deposition—Report on the Supply of
 Spirit of Wine free of Duty, for use in the Arts and Manufactures
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PUBLISHED FOR H. COLBURN, BY HIS SUCCESSORS, HURST & BLACKETT, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

REVIEWS.

The Old Court Suburb; or, Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical, and Anecdotal. By Leigh Hunt. Hurst and Blackett.

KENSINGTON with its palace, though no longer the residence of royalty, is rich in historical recollections. Here William of Orange kept his court, and many of his emblems yet meet the eye. When the accident occurred that proved fatal to him, he insisted on being carried to his favourite palace, and here died the feeble-bodied but heroic deliverer, just after he had arranged the Grand Confederacy, which, guided by Marlborough, effectually encountered and broke the power of Louis XIV. The Jacobites, with malignant joy, used long after to drink to the health of "the little gentleman in velvet," referring to the molehill that caused William's horse to stumble. Two days before his death he held a long and anxious conference, on the state of Europe, with the Earl of Albemarle, who had brought some important intelligence from Holland. At Kensington, too, his successor, Anne, "did sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea;" and the place is redolent of reminiscences of that Augustan age of English literature and history. The early princes of the house of Hanover sustained the interest of the palace, and here was born our present Queen, whose reign has already thrown into the shade the glories of the age of Anne or of Elizabeth. The literary associations of Kensington are more brilliant and numerous than its regal and historical memorials. It is less as 'the old court suburb' that the place is interesting, than as connected with the names of Addison, Arbuthnot, Newton, Johnson, and other notable men in science and literature, from the old days of the first Georges, down to the time when the modern Holland House was the 'staat-hous' of the republic of letters during the regency. A work in which these manifold memorials of Kensington are collected and described could not fail to be interesting, and in Leigh Hunt the subject has found a writer capable of doing it justice. Many of the papers composing the present volumes were originally written for the 'Household Words,' but they deserved separate publication, and additional matter is now given. With so agreeable and instructive a companion our rambles about Kensington will have new pleasure, and the vague charm that always haunted the place will possess better defined and not less attractive influence. "There is not a step of the way," says Leigh Hunt, "from its commencement at Kensington Gore, to its termination beyond Holland House, in which you are not greeted with the face of some pleasant memory:"—

"Here to 'minds' eyes' conversant with local biography, stands a beauty, looking out of a window; there a wit, talking with other wits at a garden-gate; there, a poet on the green sward, glad to get out of the London smoke, and find himself among trees.

"Here come De Veres of the times of old; Hollands and Davenants, of the Stuart and Cromwell times; Evelyn peering about him soberly, and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Here advance Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton; Steele from visiting Addison, Walpole from visiting the Foxes, Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone, Junius from a communication with Wilkes.

"Here, in his carriage, is King William the Third, going from the Palace to open parliament; Queen

Anne, for the same purpose; George the First, George the Second (we shall have the pleasure of looking at all these personages a little more closely); and there, from out of Kensington Gardens, comes bursting, as if the whole recorded polite world were in flower at one and the same period, all the fashion of the gayest times of those sovereigns, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop petticoats, towering with top-knots and toupees.

"Here comes 'Lady Mary,' quizzing everybody, and Lady Suffolk, looking discreet; there the lovely Bellendens and Lepells; there Miss Howe, laughing with Nanty Lowther (who made her very grave afterwards); there Chesterfield, Hanbury Williams, Lord Hervey; Miss Chudleigh, not over-clothed; the Miss Gunnings, drawing crowds of admirers; and here is George Selwyn interchanging wit with my Lady Townshend, the 'Lady Bellastown' (so, at least, it has been said) of 'Tom Jones.'

"Who is to know of all this company, and not be willing to meet it? To meet it, therefore, we propose, both out of doors and in-doors, not omitting other persons who are worth half the rest—Mrs. Inchbald for one. Mrs. Inchbald shall close the last generation for us, and Coleridge shall bring us down to our own time."

A book of such varied contents we have no inclination to notice in any order, chronological or topographical, and therefore our extracts will be as irregular as the materials of the work are varied. Our object is only to introduce our readers to this veteran ciccone, leaving him to tell about the old court suburb, with the privileged garrulosity of an old man well stored with the lore of the place. To begin with the church and the churchyard, we read among the notes of the monumental memorials the following passages, which explain the epithet 'critical' being combined with 'historical' and 'anecdotal' on the title-page. Of Addison's Earl of Warwick, who died in 1721, at the age of twenty-four, there is a statue in the church, on the right-hand side of the principal entrance from the street, on which Mr. Hunt critically remarks:—

"It sits under an epitaph, leaning on an urn; and has an aspect which, at first sight, you hardly know whether to be male or female. This is owing partly to the delicate smooth face and flowing hair, and partly to the robe, which has something of the look of a lady's gown. On turning to the legs, and finding them in ancient sandals, you discover that the gown is a Roman toga. Either the face is unlike, or the compliment to its manliness (strangely paid in the first person—*virile neacio quid*) is clearly undeserved. The whole epitaph, indeed, is contradictory to the tradition handed down respecting the rakery of this young nobleman; probably on no better foundation than Addison's dying words, which have been supposed to imply some special moral necessity for them on the part of his hearer. Writers complimented the Earl on his virtues while he was living; and Addison, in some pleasant letters to him on the subject of birds, speaks of his 'more severe studies,' and of their common friend Virgil. The probability is, that he was of a delicate constitution, and of a lively enough mind, and that his attention had been drawn to the writings of Shaftesbury and others, with a vivacity which Addison thought fit to repress."

On coming to the tomb of Dr. Jortin a hint is thrown out to the churchwardens:—

"Dr. John Jortin, in the year 1770, aged seventy-one. Author of the 'Life of Erasmus,' an elegant scholar, critic, and theologian. He lies in the churchyard, under a flat stone, which is surrounded with iron rails, and briefly inscribed with his name, age, and the day on which he 'ceased to mortal' (*mortalis esse desit*). Among the improvements which the authorities here are

making, we trust we shall see these good words rescued from the dirt which has obscured them.

"There were some curious inconsistencies in Jortin. He was a good-natured man, with unattractive manners; was a writer of elegant sermons, which he read very badly; and was always intimating that he ought to have had greater preference in the church, though he was suspected, not unreasonably, of differing with it on some points held essential to orthodoxy. His life was written by Dr. Disney, the Unitarian. The doctor's book ought to have been more amusing, considering that Jortin had the reputation of being a wit. To the best of our recollection, it contains but one solitary jest, and that more pleasant than exquisite. Jortin, when summoned to make his appearance in some public room, before the bishop who gave him his vicarage, could not find his hat. On returning to his friends, he said, 'I have lost my hat, but got a living.'

The epitaph of Mr. Thomas Wright suggests a reproof against posthumous moralizing in a scolding strain:—

"Mr. Thomas Wright, 1776. One of those didactic gentlemen who cannot leave off the habit of fault-finding, even in their graves, but must needs lecture and *snub* the readers of their tombstones. This posthumous busy-body, who informs us that his own head is quiet, seems determined that the case shall be different with ours. The following is his epitaph in the churchyard:—

"Farewell, vain world! I've had enough of thee;
I value not what thou canst say of me;
Thy smiles I value not, nor frowns don't fear:
All's one to me, my head is quiet here.
What faults you've seen in me, take care to shun,
Go home, and see there's something to be done."

—Of course there is. But why could not Mr. Thomas Wright let us have a little quiet, as well as himself? Did he despair of being able to give us any pleasure in his company, alive or dead?

Of the more recent monuments, notice is taken of those of Mill, the Indian historian, and the younger Colman, the dramatist and dramatic censor:—

"James Mill, in June, 1836, aged sixty-two; the historian of British India;—distinguished father of an illustrious son. He has a tablet on one of the pillars in the church. Mr. Mill persuaded himself, that a man who had never been in India, and who knew none of its languages, was better qualified to write a history of that country than one who had. The consequence of this paradox was, that after his death, the bookseller found it necessary to employ one of the persons thus described as less competent, for the purpose of correcting the mistakes of his predecessor. Nevertheless, Mr. Mill's history was a work so remarkable for its ability, that although he had found great fault with the East India Company, they, much to the credit of their feelings, or their policy, appointed him to a considerable office in their establishment. Would to Heaven they had empowered him to give the unfortunate millions under their government fewer reasons to curse their officers in general, and a little more salt to their rice.

"George Colman, the younger, in October, 1836, aged seventy-four; a more amusing, though not so judicious a dramatist as his father. His excellency lay in farce. His greatest defect was in sentiment; for which he substituted noise or common-place. In the decline of life, he attained to a very unlucky piece of prosperity. He was appointed Dramatic Censor; that is to say, reviser, under government, of plays offered to managers for performance; and in the exercise of this office, with a ludicrous and unblushing severity, he struck out of the pieces submitted to him the least oath or adjuration, with which his own plays had been plentifully garnished."

Enough of cemetery and criticism: we pass on to the fresh air and green shade of Kensington Gardens. Conjuring up the successive generations of promenaders, here we have a pleasant kaleidoscope of English his-

tory and of London life. Beginning with the reign of George I., the scenes of that time are described in the verses of Addison's friend, Tickell:—

"Where Kensington, high o'er the neighbor'ring lands,
Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies:
Each walk, with robes of various dies bespread,
Seems afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bower.

"Here England's Daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Strands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd;
Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.

"Caroline was a fine-looking woman, with a red and white complexion, and popular manners. It was rather bold in the poet to call a foreign Princess of Wales, 'England's Daughter.' Could the 'father' have read the verses (for though he had inherited the English throne, the English language was unknown to him) he would have been anything but pleased with this ascription of his popularity to his son's wife; for he included her so strongly in his dislike of that gentleman, that he was in the habit of calling her 'that devil, the Princess' or, (to use the rhyming French formula, which somehow or other had got into his head): 'Cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse.'"

Omitting the account of the 'virgin band' who sailed down the green alleys around the stately Caroline, we find the author musing pleasantly on the changes of people and dress and manners as the eighteenth century wore on:—

"The Kensington Garden promenades were popular throughout the whole of the three Georges' reigns, but flourished most, as far as names and fashions are concerned, in those of the first and second, beginning with the persons above mentioned, and with the brocades and chintzes of Tickell's Poem, and terminating with the Miss Gunning, Miss Chudleigh, Lady Townshend, Lord Chesterfield, Selwyn, Horace Walpole, and others. The space of time includes half a century; and Walpole, Lady Suffolk, Beau Nash, and Colley Cibber, lived through it all; the two last from a much earlier period, and Walpole into a much later one, down to the French Revolution. At the beginning of it, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with the wits of the Kit-Cat club about her, may be considered as having been the reigning belle of the promenades; to her, succeeded the Bellendens and Lepells, with the same wits grown older; then came Lady Townshend, with the new wits, Horace Walpole, Selwyn, Hanbury Williams, and others; and then crowds were alternately drawn by the 'Chudleigh' and the Miss Gunning; the former, for the adventures related at the beginning of this work; the latter, for perfections of face and figure, which sometimes rendered the crush to get a sight of them positively dangerous. So, at least, it is said; and the reader may believe it, when he hears, that there seems to have been a contest among the nobility, who should obtain them for wives. They had no fortunes; but one married an earl, and the other two dukes in succession. Miss Chudleigh, also, as we have seen, had her earl and her duke. Both the Gunning died young. One of them was the Countess of Coventry, on whom Mason wrote some of his best verses. * * *

"Mason, who was a bustling man, and became a court-chaplain, was probably often in the Gardens. Not so his friend Gray, whose habits were recluse, and who soon tired of what is called the world. But there came Garrick to look after the fashionable dancer, Mademoiselle Violette, whom he married; there Cibber, before him, to study fops; and there, curiously enough, the sentimental Richardson, to study Cibber; whom he took for the type of a man of fashion. Richardson, with all his moral punctilio, and his inculcations

to young ladies to keep at home, was a great walker in public places, and observer of pretty ankles. He says, that, in looking at a lady, he always began 'with the feet.' This seems odd in a worshipper of Clarissa Harlowe. It helps, however, to account for Lovelace.

"The reader must fancy the Kensington Garden promenades, during this long lapse of time, waxing and waning through almost all the vicissitudes of wigs, coats, cocked-hats, and hoop-petticoats; for, with the exception of the full-bottomed periuke of the second Charles and James, this was the great period of the reign of those habiliments. The gentlemen began with the full-bottomed periuke in the time of George the First; went into the various modes of bag-wigs, and bobs, and cocked-hats; and changed their coats from ugly to uglier, but all of the same stiff race, with narrow shoulders, and broad hips and skirts, their swords being retained to show that the narrow shoulders belonged to men. The short-tailed coat that was in ascendancy not long ago, with its wretched snipped horse-collar, was the worst and most degenerate offspring of these coats; for it was made as spare as possible, and had not even colour to speak of; whereas, its predecessors were at least ample in the skirts and sleeves, and the whole suit of clothes blazed out, whether in good taste or otherwise, in silks and velvets, in reds, greens, and gold lace. Colour was, at all events, respected, and dress not grudged its proper dimensions."

We write this after going to the Gardens to hear the band of one of the regiments of the Guards play, a performance which takes place twice a-week in the season, and attracts an assemblage which is all that corresponds to the old Kensington promenades celebrated by Tickell and Walpole. The dresses of our day are as variegated and brilliant, if not as picturesque and peculiar, as in the time of our great-grandmothers, and English beauty and grace have not degenerated since the period of hoops and patches. In praise of the hoop, Thomson says, even as it appeared in the bleak streets of Edinburgh:—

"When awful beauty puts on all her charms,
Nought gives our sex such terrible alarms,
As when the hoop and tartan both combine
To make a virgin like a goddess shine.
Let quakers cut their clothes unto the quick,
And with severities themselves afflict,
But may the hoop adorn Edina's Street,
Till the South Pole shall with the Northern meet.

"Thomson's countryman, Allan Ramsay, was equally zealous in behalf of patches:—

"In thy opinion, nothing matches,
O horrid sin! the crime of patches!
'Tis false, ye clowns, I'll make't appear,
The glorious sun does patches wear;
Yea, run through every frame of nature,
You'll find a patch for every creature;
E'en you yourselves, ye blackened wretches,
To Heliconians are the patches."

Of the historical personages who might have been seen at one time in Kensington Gardens, Mr. Hunt gives an imaginary group, taking the date of the first French Revolution, when Talleyrand resided for a time in the old court suburb of London, "confounding all notions of old French propriety, by abandoning his cloth and his gallantries, and paying his debts."

"At this strangest of all epochs in the history of the world, there might probably have been seen in these gardens, on one and the same day, in the portentous year 1791, Wilkes and Wilberforce; George Rose and Mr. Holcroft; Mr. Reeve and Mr. Godwin; Burke, Warren Hastings, and Thomas Paine; Horace Walpole and Hannah More (whom he introduces to the Duke of Queensberry); Mary Wolstonecroft and Miss Burney (Madame d'Arblay), the latter avoiding the former with all her might; and the Countess of Albany (the widow of the Pretender); the Margravine of Ansprach; Mrs. Montagu; Mrs. Barbauld; Mrs. Trimmer; Emma Harte (Lady Hamilton), accompanied by her adoring portrait-painter, Rom-

ney; and poor Madame du Barry, mistress of the late Louis XV., come to look after some jewels of which she has been robbed, and little suspecting she would return to be guillotined."

But we must leave Kensington Gardens, without stopping to enter the palace and view its memorials, leaving room for noticing the other great central attraction of the district, Holland House, about the history of which there cluster many biographical and literary anecdotes. The historical and descriptive account of the mansion is given with as ample detail, as if this were a professed guide-book to Holland House alone. We give one or two detached anecdotes connected with illustrious names. And first of Addison, of whom Leigh Hunt throughout his book is disposed to speak with less respect than is becoming:—

"Addison, it must be owned, did not shine during his occupation of Holland House. He married, and was not happy; he was made Secretary of State, and was not a good one; he was in Parliament, and could not speak in it; he quarrelled with, and even treated contemptuously, his old friend and associate, Steele, who declined to return the injury. Yet there, in Holland House, he lived and wrote, nevertheless, with a literary glory about his name which never can desert the place; and to Holland House, while he resided in it, must have come all the distinguished men of the day; for though a Whig, he was personally 'well in,' as the phrase is, with the majority of all parties. He was in communication with Swift, who was a Tory, and with Pope, who was neither Tory or Whig. It was now that the house and its owners began to appear in verse. Rowe addressed stanzas to Addison's bride; and Tickell after his death touchingly apostrophizes the place:—

"Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so loved, wher' e'er the bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the saddest tears?

"How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the gloom beneath thy aged trees!"

"It seems to have been in Holland House (for he died shortly afterwards) that Addison was visited by Milton's daughter, when he requested her to bring him some evidences of her birth. The moment he beheld her, he exclaimed, 'Madam, you need no other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are.' It must have been very pleasing to Addison to befriend Milton's daughter; for he had been the first to popularize the great poet by his critiques on 'Paradise Lost,' in the 'Spectator.'"

In narrating a recent visit to Holland House, Mr. Hunt says:—

"We forgot to ask for the chamber in which Addison died. We believe, however, it is among the few apartments that are not shown. Among those which are, is Charles Fox's bed-room; that of Mr. Rogers, (a frequent visitor,) with a poet's view over the country towards Harrow; and that of Sheridan, in the next room to which a servant was regularly in attendance all night; partly to furnish, we believe, a bottle of champagne to the thirsty orator in case he should happen to call for one betwixt his slumbers (at least we heard so a long while ago, and it was quite in keeping with his noble host's hospitality; but we forgot to verify the anecdote on this occasion) and partly (of this there is no doubt) to secure the bed curtains from being set on fire by his candle."

Some notices are given of the literary treasures preserved in the library, as well as of the chief works of art in the house and grounds:—

"The collection of books is celebrated for its abundance of Italian and Spanish authors, the former in particular. Among the curiosities in other languages are an 'Editio Princeps' of Homer, which belonged to Fox; a copy of the same poet

belonging to Sir Isaac Newton, with a distich in his handwriting on the fly-leaf; and a singularly interesting one of Camoens, which it is alleged must have been in the hands of the poet himself. At the bottom of the title page is a painful corroboration of the statements respecting his end. It is a manuscript note in an old Spanish hand, stating that the writer 'saw him die in a hospital, without even a blanket to cover him.' * * *

"There are several curious manuscripts in the library, particularly three autograph letters of Petrarch, three autograph plays of Lope de Vega, the original copy of a play of the younger Moratin, and the music of Metastasio's 'Olimpiade' beautifully written out by Jean Jacques Rousseau, at the time when that 'shaker of the thrones of Europe' got his livelihood by work of that kind.

"The collection of pictures is not remarkable, except as containing a greater number of portraits of men of letters, Italians in particular, than is to be found, perhaps in any other private abode. Among them is Addison, when he was young (a handsome face); Alferi (in miniature), the Italian tragic poet, who was some time in England; his wife (another miniature), the Countess of Albany, widow of the Pretender (a princess of the house of Stolberg); Sir Philip Francis; Robespierre (miniature), with his pert, insignificant look, on which nobody would have guessed that so much tragedy was hanging; Jerome Bonaparte (a narrow-minded, repulsive countenance); two portraits, large and small, if we mistake not, of the Duchess of Portsmouth (Louise de Querouaille, Charles the Second's mistress), quite making out, in one of them, the 'babby face' of which Evelyn accuses her, nobody would have taken her for an ancestress of the manly-visaged Foxes; many portraits of the rest of the family; a fine one of Talleyrand, by Schetter; and one, by Gerard, of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. There are also busts of Napoleon, of Machiavel, and of Henry the Fourth, the last 'looking like a goat'; a curious painting by Sir Joshua (of which more by-and-by), consisting of whole-length portraits of Charles Fox, when a youth, with his fair relatives, Lady Sarah Lenox and Lady Susan Strangeways; another, by Hogarth, representing Dryden's play of the *Indian Emperor*, performed by children, one of whom is a grand-niece of Sir Isaac Newton, whose bust is on the chimney-piece. The play was performed for the amusement of the Duke of Cumberland, who is seated accordingly; and the governess playing with one of the children is Lady Deloraine, whom the reader will find acting a more curious part, when we come, in these Kensington memorabilia, to the Palace."

Among the miscellaneous memorials of Kensington are introduced anecdotes of Johnson, Wilkes, Cobbett, Wilkie, Wilberforce, Mrs. Inchbald, Lady Blessington, and a multitude of other celebrities of recent or remote date. How could it be otherwise, when we are told that "probably there is not an old house in Kensington in which some distinguished person has not resided, during the reigns in which the court was held there." Mr. Hunt's book has given us so much pleasure that we are unwilling to dwell on points that might call for censure. His opinions on some subjects are well known, and are so absurdly peculiar as to render them little likely to be dangerous to any readers. It would have been well, however, if he had introduced fewer of his own meditations and reflections on moral and religious topics, and kept more to chronicling facts and describing places. Although we have no high opinion of Mr. Hunt as a poet or a philosopher ('L.G.', 1853, 1067), we feel indebted to him for having produced these pleasant volumes of historical and literary gossip about the old court suburb.

A Classified Synopsis of the Principal Painters of the Dutch and Flemish Schools, their Scholars, Imitators, and Analogists. By George Stanley. Bohn.

MR. STANLEY's book forms a complete and comprehensive guide, historical, biographical, descriptive, and critical, to the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting. Although chiefly intended as a popular treatise for the information of amateurs, it is full of matter deserving the study of professional artists. Sir Joshua Reynolds has written strongly on the utility of artists studying the works of the masters of this school. "To a painter," he says, "they afford instruction in his profession; here he may learn the art of colouring and composition, a skilful management of light and shade, and indeed all the mechanical parts of the art, as well as in any school whatever. The same skill which is practised by Rubens and Titian in their large works is here exhibited, though on a smaller scale. Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would to a grammar-school to learn languages. An artist, by a close examination of their works, may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them ages, or perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain." To aid in this study, Mr. Stanley's Synopsis will be found a useful and sufficient guide. In the analytical part, the artists are classified according to their subjects, and ranged alphabetically for the convenience of reference. Of each artist the leading facts on record as to his history are given, with critical comments on his principal works. In these comments independence of judgment is shown; as well as soundness of taste and professional knowledge. Of two well-known names, Hobbema and Albert Durer, we give the biographical notices, the early German painters, as well as the late artists of the Dutch and Flemish schools, being included in the work. Of Minderhout Hobbema, under the head of landscape painters, Mr. Stanley says:—

"The lover of the unsophisticated beauties of nature finds indescribable charms in the landscapes of Hobbema. His representations are of woodland or rural scenery; the entrance to a forest, through which there is a winding pathway; a thick grove of ancient oaks and beech trees; a village hamlet amidst hawthorns, elders, and willows; streamlets, bordered with rushes and sedges, flowing from an adjacent overshot mill; canals with boats and locks, passing through meadows of a flat country, and conducting the eye to rustic habitations in the distance; these are his general subjects. But the charm resides in the treatment; it is not an artist's composition, it is a judicious selection from nature, and a reality. Simplicity and truth are the characteristics of all Hobbema's pictures; he never gives the reins to imagination to make excursions into the regions of poetry or romance; his scenes are not Arcadian suited for nymphs and fauns, nor wild seclusions for monks or robbers; the cottages are the abodes of the rustics whose employment is in the cultivation of the fields, felling timber in the forest, attending to the labour of the mill, or watching cattle in the meadow. The trees have their natural luxuriance, the streams flow unrestrictedly, the roads are primitive and rugged, and every object denotes that the inhabitants are not so refined as to be fastidious. In his larger pictures the skies are remarkably beautiful, the clouds illuminated by sunshine producing a rich effect, and the beams passing through the foliage of the trees lighten up the forest or grove in a manner truly magical. Hobbema did not excel in figures or animals, therefore, like his friend Ruisdael, he had recourse to painters

worthy of the association, to supply his deficiency: Wouwerman, Adrian Van de Velde, Berchem, Lingelbach, and others, lent their assistance, and gave additional value to the landscape.

"It is hardly possible to over-estimate fine specimens of Hobbema; the price, in fair competition, ranges from three hundred to fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds sterling; one has been known to reach the sum of three thousand pounds in a private transaction."

Regarding the pretended work in our National Gallery, the plainness of speech at the close of the following account of Albert Durer, shows the independence of the author in his critical remarks:—

"Durer, Albert, was born at Nuremberg in 1471. He studied under Michael Wohlgemuth, both as a painter and an engraver, and in each department he ranks with the best of the German artists of the sixteenth century. As a painter, however, his earlier works gave no great promise of the future excellence at which he arrived. He continued to imitate the dry and meagre forms of his predecessors and contemporaries, and their fantastic displays in composition. If credit is to be given to many pictures attributed to him, he did not emancipate himself from this manner for a considerable time, if he ever did so entirely. The journey which he made to Italy in 1506, had considerable effect in the improvement of his forms, composition, and colouring, though some of his countrymen are not willing to allow that he derived much benefit from what he had seen at Venice and elsewhere; but the proof is to be found in his productions two or three years afterwards. In 1520 he visited the Netherlands. This journey, says Kügler, exercised an important influence on his tendency in art, and opened his eyes to the peculiarity of his manner. It is said that he confessed that the beauty of nature had not unfolded itself to him until a late period; that he had then only learned that simplicity is the greatest charm of art; and he sighed over the motley pictures of his early days, and mourned that he could no longer hope to emulate the great prototype—Nature. An alteration, however, in his manner of painting immediately took place, as is evident in a picture painted by him about that time, which bears a resemblance to the works of artists of the Low Countries, particularly to those of Schoreel. The picture is in the gallery of the Belvidere, at Vienna, and represents the Virgin and Child. A few years later he produced his grand work of the apostles, John and Peter, Mark and Paul, of the size of life, in two pictures, which are now in the Pinacothek at Munich. These effigies are said, by an old tradition, to be intended by the artist to convey something more than figures of the apostles; they are meant to represent the four temperaments, and show how every quality of the human mind may be made subservient to the Divine word. St. John represents the Melancholic temperament; his high forehead and whole countenance bear the impress of deep thought; he stands foremost in the picture with an open book in his hand. St. Peter, a hoary head full of meditative repose, bends over the book, gazing earnestly at the contents; he represents the Phlegmatic. In the second picture, St. Mark, the man of Sanguine temperament, looks boldly round, and seems to be appealing with animation to supposed hearers; and St. Paul, in the front, holds the book and a sword in his hands, as ready to defend his doctrine derived from the word of God, even to the death. He looks angrily and severely over his shoulder, as if suddenly retorting on some captious blasphemer; his whole demeanour exhibits the Choleric temperament. Admitting this explanation to be the true meaning of the artist, the execution is no less worthy of admiration than the sublime and poetic conception. The heads, varied in character, are dignified in expression; the figures have a statue-like repose; the draperies are cast with majestic simplicity; there are no angular breaks in the folds. The colouring is true to nature in its power and warmth, with scarcely a trace of

glazing, but everywhere a free, pure impasto. Fuseli, who denied him genius, allowed his superiority in the last particular. He says, 'his colour went beyond his age, and as far excelled in truth and breadth of handling the oil colour of Raphael, as Raphael excels him in every other quality.' His power of invention is best seen in his engravings, and the numerous designs made by him for wood-cuts executed by others. Dissertations on these, and other issues of his fruitful imagination, may be found in almost every writer concerning him: the consideration of his prints does not come within the scope of this work.

"There is a portrait in the National Gallery ignorantly attributed to Albert Durer. It is a libel on the master's character as a painter; an insult to the visitor's understanding; and an impeachment of the person's knowledge who placed it there. It is an old Swiss head, with a recently-painted back-ground; the monogram and date are forgeries."

Prefix'd to the volume is a brief introductory notice of the schools of which the work treats, and an explanation of some of the terms used in art, which non-professional readers will find useful and instructive. The work is published as a volume of Bohn's Scientific Library, to which it is an acceptable addition.

May Flowers; being Notes and Notions on a Few Created Things. By Acheta. Reeve. It is not easy to judge of the contents of this little book by the title. They have little or nothing to do with flowers of any month, but treating chiefly of animals, form the concluding instalment of that charming series of essays on habit and instinct, commenced by the author a few years since in the 'Episodes of Insect Life,' and renewed at the beginning of the past spring under the title of 'March Winds and April Showers.' In the opening essay of the present volume, entitled 'Bird and Man,' (from which we may quote as specimen,) the comparative trials and advantages of captivity or freedom among birds is made the subject of an ornithological discussion:—

"A Frenchman has said of bees, 'On ne peut pas les aimer médiocrement, on se passionne pour elles.' The same remark applies even more forcibly to birds, in particular to 'birdies smalls'—birds of song. These verily are amongst those favourites of creation with which it is hardly possible that notice should stop at liking. *Liking* belongs entirely to earth, and birds are something more than animals of earth—they are animals of air, if we may not say of heaven. Their beauty, their life, their lightness, their aerial flights, their heaven-taught melodies—these, if we follow them at all, must raise us with them to a *height*—the height of *loving*. It is not only because birds have wings of feathers, and angels (in pictures) have the same, that we are reminded of birds and angels in conjunction. There are other similitudes which link birds (representatively) with spiritual existences. Of all material creatures (save insects) the least weighed down by flesh, they serve best to symbolise the mind. 'Oh that a little bird were I!' is one of the most natural aspirations of the bird-like soul. The spirit in its bondage is as a bird in captivity; at one while contented, fond even of its prison-house, at another striving to escape; longing to be like the bird at liberty, to rise heavenwards, 'to flee away and be at rest.' Then, taking the bird race as representative of mind in general, there is hardly a mind in particular (or even a detached thought, unless it be a creeping one, indeed) which may not be likened to some particular kind of bird.

"There is the eagle-mind, with its keen perception and powerful grasp, that can seize on scattered thoughts as the eagle upon scattered weaker

birds, amalgamate and feed on them with strong digestion, then, with sight and strength commensurate, soar upwards to heights whence it can look undazzled upon truth as the eagle at the sun.

"There is the skylark-mind, to which precedence more properly belongs; the mind which rises heavenwards joyously, melodiously, and brings its heavenly music, its cheerful piety, down again to earth, spreading delight and harmony around it.

"There are humming-bird-minds, minute, delicate, sparkling, flower-hoovering, flower-fed; of frame adapted only to torrid warmth and brilliant skies; minds which, formed in, and fit only for one condition of cloudless prosperity and indulgence, can bear no transportation, but shrink before the world's cold, and die in its nipping frosts. Pure and innocent, they serve to adorn for a while their little spot of earth, and may enlarge and strengthen, and grow more beautiful by far in the land of perpetual sunshine.

"Correspondences betwixt forms of mind and fowls of air are, in short, for ever crossing us. Dove and sparrow, and parrot and peacock-like, and (slack!) raven and vulture-like, are terms, with a score resembling, of characteristic application. And not alone birds that fly, but apterous, or wingless, or nearly wingless birds, have their prototypes in nearly wingless minds. Look, for example, at the people (flocks of them) who remind one of penguins—people who love to sit lazily on the shores of life's sea, fishing for troubles as the penguin for its funny prey. Their apologies for minds are for ever flapping, (like the bird's apologies for pinions), as if in bewailment of their want of power, but are never made use of to rise above willows nor advance against opposing waves.

"Enough of great birds and little birds, as images of great and little minds. It is of birds simply we would now discourse; not, however, as standing in their place of creation by themselves, but as associate, *actually not figuratively*, with creation's lord. We are not going into the economy of the subject; it is not a problem of the poultry-yard that we are about to work. With the *morale* of cooping and crammung we shall not meddle here. And yet it is a *moral* question, as regards the relation of featherless and feathered bipeds, of which we would fain arrive at the solution—*In the keeping of caged song-birds a practice which has anything to sanction it excepting custom and long-established usage?*

"We read of 'cages full of birds' in times ancient and scriptural; of pet sparrows in times ancient and classic; but should there be wired prisons and feathered prisoners in times modern and Christian? This is no light question, though it may concern so light a thing as a little goldfinch or canary. We are somewhat dubious how to answer it, and therefore shall consult upon the subject the birds themselves. In order to this, we must assume, of course, the gift of interpreting their tongues. The magic of fancy must endow us with a power like that imparted to the Lady Canace with her magic ring; a power to find meaning in that social chatter which makes up 'birdies steven.' Gifted, for the nonce, with some such faculty, we are listeners to the voices from a lofty tree-top. The birds that occupy its branches are sitting in committee, debating and hearing evidence on the question we have started; on those knotty points, namely, so important to themselves, whether man is to be looked on as a benefactor or an enemy? whether the fowler's net is to be shunned as a passage to dolor and death, or sought as an entrance to gilded palaces and pleasures without end? whether the imprisoned call-bird is to be regarded as a base betrayer, bent fiendishly on making fellows in the misery he has brought upon himself, or as a generous benefactor of his race, eager to invite others to a share of the felicity he enjoys?

"In order to obtain information and settle their own wavering opinions on these dubious questions, the feathered assembly call in the evidence of witnesses recently escaped from the hands of man,

The returned captives are two goldfinches, both bearing about them tokens of captivity, but as little resembling as the face of a medal and its reverse. The witness first examined begins, in notes plaintive and broken, to relate his experiences among men—but they are told already by the drooping wing, the ruffled feathers, the heavy eye, which move the dove well nigh to weeping, and raise a general murmur of mingled rage and pity; and not only is the voice of the little narrator weak and trembling, but he himself trembles on the bough which supports his slender weib. Two soft and gentle ones of his kind (one his mother) are sitting by him on either side, but he keeps looking fearfully about him, and drawn in his sullied plumage at every sound; the rustle of a falling leaf disturbs him, and at the shout of a ploughman from the field below, he nearly falls off his perch with terror.

"'You remember,' said the little finch (looking first at his mother), 'that bright morning in the time of thistles, when we all (the whole brood of us) set off together and followed you in the longest flight we had ever taken; how, as we breasted the wind so bravely and so gaily, we heard the sound of some mysterious music which seemed to fill the air. I know now it was what men call the voices of the Sabbath bells. Then you remember how that, after while, we rested on some yellow tree-tops. Looking down, we could see nothing at first but the morning mist spreading out white below us. From the midst of it we caught the chirping, and sometimes the song of familiar voices, as if ascending from the ground. They were not the notes of mounting skylarks, but those, we were certain, of some fellow-finches rising loud and cheery, as if to wish us joy after our first accomplished journey. We were too tired yet for a downward flight to meet our friends; but as we sat pluming and chatting on our lofty perches, what a glorious sight did we presently behold! It made every one of us flap our new-fledged wings, and scream our loudest for very joyfulness of heart. The mist was gone, the sun shining, and right below us lay the beautiful common we had flown so far to visit. The wide expanse was variegated by broken ground and smooth green turf, but little enough of turf was to be seen for the quantity of furze and fern which overtopped it, and for (what to us was more) the loads of thistle and knapweed in flower and in seed—the flower so purple, the seed so brown and tufted with white, the down of our prickly-guarded corn. And now was the time of harvest. We knew it by the feathered grains that rose floating in the air, and inviting us to fly down and take our fill. Then, too, louder than ever, we heard the strains of welcome which had greeted our first arrival. We could see now that they were proceeding from a little party of our own feather, perched in what we took for nests, such as we had never seen before. These were set upon the ground, and spread over the turf about them was a something quite as new to us, which we could liken to nothing but the open net of an enormous spider. It was larger and coarser by a thousand times than any of the innumerable webs that we saw at the same time hung upon every-thing around, and covered with dewdrops sparkling in the sun. A spider-web we thought nevertheless it must surely be, and that an ugly, dark, long-legged creature, that sat quiet as a spider close beside it, must be the spinner. We did not in the least admire his looks, but *little* spiders had never done us any harm, and why should *great* ones? There could be nothing, at all events, in going a little closer; besides, we were by this time very hungry, and the thistles looked so tempting. Off, then, we started, but only flew a little way down, and up again at the voice of our mother. She bade us wait and watch; but just then, shriller than ever and quite overpowering her tender notes of warning, came the strains of invitation from below—from the very midst, too, of a glorious bunch of thistles which rose above the spidery network. There was no keeping on our perches, and even while a cry of terror was proceeding from our mother's beak, we took flight from our tree and

lighted down amongst those dreadful snares and base ensnarers. A shout as of joyful ecstasy was raised by our vile betrayers. Then came a whirr-r and a flap, and a knock upon the ground. I tried to fly upward, but my wings were caught in the meshes of that horrible web, and I found myself presently in the claws of that great spider-like creature more horrible than all. He dragged me from the snare, and put me in a narrow place where there was no bright sunshine, no sweet air, no trees, no thistledown, no gentle mother. I tried in an agony to find them, but it was only to beat my head and bruise my breast against the cold hard barrier that mocked my efforts. I was not indeed alone. I knew that, by the pitiful voices, answering to mine, of companions in distress, and by the beating of their wings and the throbbing of their breasts against my own."

Among the members of the feathered assembly who speak on the other side of the question, we have the following testimony of a well-fed west-end finch:—

"I have been accustomed to hang in my beautiful palace at a town-house window, not a feather out of place, nor (I must confess it) a want uncared for. And what have I commonly beheld?—why, creatures of the human family in garments, dirty, rough, and ragged, just like the plumage of our dear departed ill-used friend. His ruffled feathers barely covered, it is true, a poor little carcass reduced to skin and bone. But you should see in the streets of men, the great living skeletons (*men*, mind you) that crawl about, half hidden by their tattered clothing; their cry is for ever 'bread, bread' (food made of the seed that fattens *men*), yet men, fat as ortolans, and smooth and sleek as I am, pass them by and give them nothing except perhaps a mocking or a bitter word. You were horror-struck, my friends, (and well you might be) at sight of the girtng cord that cut into the body of my brother finch. But you should have heard the stories that I have (true stories) from an American parrot who shared with me a drawing-room window and my mistress' favour. You should have heard of the cords, and the irons, and the chains, the whips and scourges (the last instruments of torture never laid on bird) that the whites (which are white *men*) are accustomed to use upon the blacks (which are black *men*) in the country of which my companion Poll was born a native.

"In a word, I am thoroughly persuaded that men and women are in general much more kind to us birds than they are to one another. Why, I can tell my noble friend the pheasant, and my fleshly friend the partridge, that men go so far in friendliness to them as to cage and kill each other for their sakes, for their encouragement and preservation; I have heard talk of it repeatedly. But to speak only from personal experience: There is my own most excellent and tender mistress; she refused bread one morning to a starving child (one of those ragged skeletons of which I told you); she was 'too poor,' she said, 'to give to beggars.' Yet, think of her generosity to me and Poll! She bought for each of us that very morning a fine new cage; never were cages made more elegant and commodious for bird accommodation. Al, that most admirable woman! my more than mother! how shall I number all her benefits? Has she not fed me from her mouth, even as my feathered parents when I was a nestling? has she not wept over me when I was sick? a thing my feathered mother never did! has she not fattened me with oily hempseed and floury canary, and pampered me with lumps of sugar; educated, in short, my uncultivated taste? And now I can discriminate (thanks to her tender teaching) between the sweets of captivity and the bitters of freedom; the meagre thistle and vulgar knapweed which were once in my ignorance so sweet to me."

By way of criticism we may quote from our contemporary, the 'Athenaeum':—"This book is almost, if not quite, as fascinating as its predecessor, 'March Winds and April Showers' [see *ante*, p. 15]. The charm of it

is, that the authoress speaks only about what she has seen and found in her own walks, and which anybody else might see and find also, if they were so minded, in the first hedge or garden they visit. No previous knowledge is required; but after reading it, the most ordinary walks will be thronged with objects of interest. To young persons we would especially recommend this book, as inducing and training a habit of minute observation—a habit that brings its own reward in the 'second sight' which can discern wealth and beauty when others can perceive simply nothing. The chapter entitled 'Bird and Man,' has a touching story of the capture of a goldfinch as told by itself, which must bring tears into the eyes of any one, except a *bird-fancier*. 'The Harpy that broods in every Corner' is a chapter upon cruelty in different phases. It is evidently the author's own favourite; it has, however, a dash of fantastic sickness which does not commend itself to us. 'Things and Thoughts in a Thicket' is a graceful chapter; but the one we prefer above all the rest is that upon 'Leaves of Insect Appropriation.' Shelley's

Poor banished insects whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent,

are lovingly described; even the tiny green millions, the *canaille* of leaf-destroyers, are tenderly touched, 'their plump little bodies, green, living, moving honey-jars.' Those wishing to make a present to young persons will find this an admirable gift-book."

Clytemnestra and other Poems. By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall.

The Music Master: a Love Story; and Two Series of Day and Night Songs. By William Allingham. Routledge and Co. *The Briar of Threave, and the Lily of Barholm: A Metrical Romance.* By Henry Inglis. Longman and Co.

In the volume of poetry published under the name of Owen Meredith, there are pieces of high merit and higher promise. 'Clytemnestra' is a classical drama, simple in plot and severe in style, which will give satisfaction to scholars, though less likely to prove attractive to ordinary readers. The next poem, *The Earl's Return*, is more popular in its subject and in its strain, and displays a vigour and fancy equal to what is found in any poetry of the day. If Owen Meredith acquires refinement of taste corresponding to his vividness of conception, Tennyson may have to look to his laurels. From the opening lines of the poem, the broad bold touches arrest attention, although the author has yet to learn that greater regularity and art are necessary to afford permanent pleasure to cultivated readers. What nature gives to the poet, Owen Meredith has, and it will be a pity if this is lost through inattention to art, or through any foolish theory about despising what is artificial in composition. Such a description as that which follows would not have been less vivid if the lines had been a little more orderly and symmetrical:—

"Ragged and tall stood the castle wall,
And the squires, at their sport, in the great South Court,
Lounged all day long from stable to hall
Laughingly, lazily, one and all.
The land about was barren and blue,
And swept by the wing of the wet sea-mew.
Seven fishermen's huts on a shelly shore:
Sand-heaps behind, and sand-banks before:
And a black champagne streaked white all thro'
To a great salt pool which the ocean drew,
Suck'd into itself, and disgorged it again
To stagnate and steam on the mineral plain;
Not a tree or a bush in the circle of sight."

But a bare black thorn which the sea-winds had wither'd
With the drifting scum of the surf and blight,
And some patches of gray grass-land to the right,
Where the lean red-hided cattle were tethered;
A reef of rock wedged the water in twain,
And a stout stone tower stood square to the main."

Other parts of the poem are far more irregular, and perhaps the terrible disorder when the castle is found to be on fire, is intended to be represented in the description also. A minstrel is singing in the hall, when his lay is thus suddenly interrupted:—

"And . . . hush! hush! hush!
Was it the wind? or was it the rush
Of the restless waters that tumble and splash
On the wild sea-shore? or was it the crash
Of stones on the old wet bridge up there?
Or the sound of the tempest come over the main?
—Nay, but just now the night was fair,
Was it the march of the midnight rain
Clattering down in the courts? or the crash
Of armour yonder? . . . Listen again!

"Can it be lightning?—can it be thunder?
For a light is all round the lurid hall
That reddens and reddens the windows all,
And far away you may hear the fall
As of rafter and boulder splitting asunder.
It is not the thunder, and it is not the lightning,
To which the castle is sounding and brightening,
But something worse than lightning or thunder;
For what is this that is coming yonder?

"Which way? Here! Where?
Call the men! . . . Is it there?
Call them out! Ring the bell!
Ring the Fiend back to Hell!
Ring, ring the alarm for mercy! . . . Too late!
It has crawl'd up the walls—it has burst in the gate—
It looks thro' the windows—it creeps near the hall—
Near, more near—red and clear—
It is here!
Now the saints save us all!

* * * * *
"Of the Earl, in truth, the Seneschal swore
(And over the ocean this tale he bore)
That when, as he fled on that last wild night,
He had gain'd the other side of the moat,
Dripping, he shook off his wet leathern coat,
And turning round beheld, from basement
To cope, the castle swathed in light,
And, reveal'd in the glare thro' My Lady's casement,
He saw, or dream'd he saw, this sight—

"Two forms (and one for the Earl's he knew,
By the long shaggy beard and the broad beak too)
Struggling, grappling, like things half human,
The other, he said, but he vaguely distinguish'd,
When a sound like the shriek of an agonized woman
Made him shudder, and lo, all the vision was gone!
Ceiling and floor had fallen thro',
In a glut of vomited flame extinguish'd;
And the still fire rose and broadend on.

* * * * *
"And this is why these fishermen say,
Sitting alone in their boats on the bay,
When the moon is low in the wild windy nights,
They hear strange sounds, and see strange sights,
Spectres gathering all forlorn
Under the boughs of this bare black thorn."

From the minor poems we quote the following lines, entitled *Changes*, not for the sentiments, but for the simplicity and terseness of their diction:—

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

"Much must be borne which it is hard to bear:
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

"My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know.
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

"But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

"Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare not think!
We all are changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

"But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some grieve gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the Past? and who can judge us right?

"Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know
all!"

Of warmer feeling, and more flowing fancy, are the concluding stanzas of one of the *Sea-side Songs*, the words being spoken by a maiden whose lover is at sea, and whose position is expressed by the beginning of Burns' song,

"Of all the airts the wind doth blow,
I dearly love the west."

"Love-laden from the lighted west
Thon comest with thy soul opprest

For joy of him : all up the dim,

Delicious sea blow fearlessly.

Warm wind, that art the tenderest

Of all that breathe from south or west,

Blow whispers of him up the sea :

Upon my cheek, and on my breast,

And on the lips which he hath prest,

Blow all his kisses back to me !

"Far off, the dark green rocks about,

All night shines, faint and fair, the far light :

Far off, the late fishers shout,

From boat to boat i' the listening starlight :

Far off, and fair, the sea lies bare,

Leagues, leagues beyond the reach of rowing :

Up creek and horn the smooth wave swells

And falls asleep; or, inland flowing,

Twinkles among the silver shells,

From sluice to sluice of shallow wells;

"Or, down dark pools of purple glowing,

Sets some forlorn star trembling there

In his own dim, dreamlike brilliancy.

And I feel the dark sails growing

Nearer, clearer, up the sea :

And I catch the warm west blowing

All my own love's sighs to me :

On the deck I hear them singing

Songs they sing in my own land :

Lights are swinging : bells are ringing :

On the deck I see him stand!"

THE author of 'Day and Night Songs' is already favourably known to us, and this new edition of his poems is welcome. Some of the pieces appeared in a volume which was published in 1850, and is said to have been since withdrawn, others have been printed in various periodicals, and a few are now given for the first time. Five of the songs or ballads, the writer informs us, have had an Irish circulation as "ha'penny ballads," and are partly founded on traditional fragments of popular rhymes. We give two of the poems, as widely contrasted as possible in their strain, but both excellent of their kind, and indicating poetical fervour and art above the common. The 'Music Master' is a very pretty love story, and some of the love songs are pleasing and lively. The first which we quote is entitled Frost in the Holidays :-

"The time of Frost is the time for me!
When the gay blood spins through the heart with glee,
When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,
And the footstep rings on the musical ground;
When the earth is white, and the air is bright,
And every breath is a new delight!

"While Yesterday sank full soon to rest,
What a glorious sky!—through the level west
Pink clouds in a delicate greenish haze,
Which deepen'd up into purple greys,
With stars aloft as the light decreas'd,
Till the great moon rose in the rich blue east.

"And Morning!—each pane is a garden of frost,
Of delicate flowering, as quickly lost;
For the stalks are fed by the moon's cold beams,
And the leaves are woven like wof of dreams
By Night's keen breath, and a glances of the Sun
Like dreams will scatter them every one.

"Hurrah! the lake is a league of glass!
Burk and strap on the stiff white grass.
Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,
And swiftly turn upon soaring heel;
And our flying sandals chirp and sing
Like a flock of swallows upon the wing.

"Away from the crowd with the wind we drift,
No vessel's motion so smoothly swift:
Fainter and fainter the tumult grows,
And the gradual stillness and wide repose
Touch with a hue more soft and grave
The lapse of joy's declining wave.

"Here the ice is pure; a glance may sound
Deep through the awful, dim profound,
To the water dungeons where snake-weeds hide,
Over which, as self-upborne, we glide,
Like wizards on dark adventure bent,
The masters of every element.

"Homeward now. The shimmering snow
Kisses our hot cheeks as we go;

Waivering down the feeble wind,
Like a manifold Dream to a Poet's mind,
Till the earth, and the trees, and the icy lakes,
Are slowly clothed with the countless flakes.

"At home are we by the merry fire,
Ranged in a ring to our heart's desire.
And who is to tell some wondrous tale,
Almost to turn the warm cheeks pale,
Set chin on hands, make grave eyes stare,
Draw slowly nearer each stool and chair?"

"The one low voice goes wandering on
In a mystic world, whether all are gone;
The shadows dance; little Caroline
Has stolen her fingers up into mine.
But the night outside is very chill,
And the Frost hums loud at the window-sill."

From this light joyous strain we turn to an utterance of sombre meditation, entitled Levavi Oculos :-

"I cried to God, in trouble for my sin;
To the great God who dwelleth in the deeps.
The deep return not any voice or sign.

"But with my soul I know thee, O Great God;
The soul thou givest knoweth thee, Great God;
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin.

"Full sure I am there is no joy in sin,
Joy-scented Peace is trampled under foot,
Like a white growing blossom into mud.

"Sin is establish'd subtly in the heart
As a disease; like a magician foul
Buleth the better thoughts against their will.

"Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil: there's no other way
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

"In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear;
The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace;
And music floweth from the various world.

"The Lord is great and good, and is our God.
There needeth not a word but only these;
Our God is good, our God is great. 'Tis well.

"All things are ever God's; the shows of things
Are of men's fantasy, and wap'd with sin;
God, and the things of God, immutable.

"O great good God, my pray'r is to neglect
The shows of fantasy, and turn myself
To the unfenced, unbound'd warmth and light!

"Then were all shows of things a part of truth:
Then were my soul, if busy or at rest,
Residing in the house of perfect peace."

THE Briar of Threave and the Lily of Barholm' is a romance of the school of Sir Walter Scott's poetry. The narrative is written with great spirit, and there are some touches of beautiful poetry in the descriptive parts of the story, but there are many who will feel this kind of poem somewhat tedious, the public taste being scarcely recovered from the saturation it underwent after the marvellous success of Scott's Lays and Romances. But this romance will, doubtless, have many admirers, and deservedly so. The theme is one of Scottish border minstrelsy, and the author enters with warm nationality into the spirit of each historical and local association, as in the account of The Douglas :-

"Early James of Douglas sate, I ween,
The centre of the throng;
His were the manly form and mien
That still adorned the garland green
Of ancient Scottish song;

The song to Scotland yet so dear,

That kindles hope and conquers fear

Her hardy sons among.

The friendly grasp, the tender tear,
The guileless throb from falsehood clear,
Revealed in words and chords that vie
With truth and love beyond the sky.

When Scotland's songs of sadness die,

May I be on my bier!

"But what avail the visage gray,
The raven locks, the statue grim,
The bone and sinews stark array

On massive chest and manly limb?

True they are there, and seem to be

The storied frame and form of him

Esteem'd the 'Flower of chivalry.'

When knighthood's cup o'erflowed the brim,

But the beam of living light that shone

Serene in peace, severe in war,

The soul that brightness rested on

When toiling earthward from afar,

To some more fitting sphere hath gone,

Some new created star;

And form and features serve alone

A hero-race to man!"

And again, in alluding to antient treasures which Scottish antiquaries prize and are proud

of, such as the celebrated cannon, Mons Meg, some of whose chronicles being narrated, Mr. Inglis proceeds :-

"Let the unbeliever seek
The bastion on the topmost peak
Of the crag'd and castled steep,
Whose time-defying ramparts frown
Upon earth's statelylest city down,—
Edin's stern and steadfast crown,

Her adamantine keep.

Looming from the dizzy height

Where battlement to ocean nods,

An engine lies that Titans might

Have wielded in the fabled fight

With the old heathen gods;

And by that engine he the gray

Granite stones of Galloway.

Many a day at feast and fray

Did its earthquake music sound;

At Threave when Douglas stood at bay;

Dumbarton's rocky bulwarks round;

And when Scotland's leaguer lay

By Norham's Tweed-girt mound,

It usher'd in the nuptial hour

Of Mary, Scotland's hapless flower;

And wondrous even in decay,

It is, and shall be to the last

A witness from the stormy past.

"Such relies of her noble race,

Let Scotland guard with jealous care.

Let her favour'd sons beware,

How heedlessness or guile deface

The ancient trophies of the land.

What though in helpless guise they stand

Like aged warriors at the gate,

Who gaze upon the field which late

Was conquer'd by their hand?

The jewell'd crown, the blazon'd crest,

The home by hero-kings possess'd,

The arch'd and cloister'd pile,

Were meant for love and not for rust,

For shelter from ignoble dust

And things and uses vile.

Let us beware how in the pride

And plentitude of fortune's ray,

We seek in cold neglect to hide

The morning of our day,

When there was need of gallant guide

To mark the misty way;

It may be well the landmarks bide

For evening's shadows gray.

If faith be true, and man sincere,

If what he holds on earth be dear,

He must not desecrate the fane,

Nor hold the sacred symbols vain.

'Twas thus the mighty minstrel pled

For type of Scotland rudeley torn

From her battlements forlorn;

The Wizard of the North, not he

Who clut the Eldon Hills in three;

But a mightier far, who did

To the Four Winds, 'Let the fame

Of my native Scotland's name

Go forth;—and straight the Four Winds came."

There are many portions of the poem at which the author's countrymen will kindle up, and which will please less interested readers. The notes contain some remarkable notices of history, and of topography illustrative of the poem. It is one of the best compositions of the kind since Scott's metrical romances first gained the ear of the literary world.

NOTICES.

Theism: the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-Wise and Beneficent Creator. By the Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Blackwood and Sons.

PRINCIPAL Tulloch's treatise obtained the second prize in the recent competition on the Burnett Bequest, the first having been awarded to the Rev. R. A. Thompson, M.A. This prize endowment was instituted in 1785, by Mr. Burnett, of Aberdeen, for inviting to the public discussion of the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, by means of essays written in competition for prizes, at intervals of forty years. On the only previous occasion of competition the first prize was awarded to the late Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, and the second to the Rev. John Bird Sumner, now Archbishop of Canterbury. The essay of Principal Tulloch gives a masterly sketch of the principles of Natural Theology, as deduced both from the world of matter and of mind. In the physical department a judicious selection is made of the facts and arguments drawn from the phenomena of creation, from cosmical arrangements, and from animated

nature. The metaphysical and moral arguments are managed with great ability, and form the most marked feature in the treatise. This branch of the evidences obtained comparatively little attention in the celebrated Bridgewater Treatises, Dr. Chalmers being the only writer who went over the same ground which Principal Tulloch has now taken up, in illustrating the witness to an all-powerful, all-wise, and benevolent Creator in the constitution of the human mind. But the whole of this subject is beset with difficulties, and can only be satisfactorily discussed with the aid of knowledge derived from revealed truth.

Blackstone's Commentaries Systematically Abridged and Adapted to the Existing state of the Law and Constitution. With Additions by Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S. Maxwell.

SEVERAL valuable treatises have lately appeared, in which the laws and constitution of England are popularly stated and explained. The ready reception of these works is a gratifying proof of the more general attention bestowed on studies in which all well educated Englishmen ought to be conversant in early life. About twenty years ago Mr. Warren prepared, 'for the use of students and young persons,' a selection of the principal portion of Blackstone's Commentaries. This popular compendium was in great demand, and has long been out of print. The success attending the design induced the author to project a larger and more complete treatise, which is now after a long interval accomplished. The great changes and improvements in law during the past twenty years justified Mr. Warren in adhering less closely to the text of Blackstone than was his original purpose. Two-thirds of the volume consist of new matter, and of Blackstone's text few parts are retained without some alteration or addition. In spite of the conservative love of our constitution, which is a striking feature in the national character, the spirit which prompted the memorable words *famus lega Anglie mutari*, wonderful changes have taken place during the last quarter of a century, both in our parliamentary and municipal systems, and in the legislative, judicial, executive, and fiscal departments of the state. The forms of administration of justice have also been greatly altered, both in law and equity, in civil and criminal processes. These and other changes, constitutional, legislative, or administrative, are described in Mr. Warren's book, which gives a clear and comprehensive account of the existing laws and constitution of England, and contains much matter directly useful for practical reference as well as for general information.

Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and kindred papers relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Edited by her brother, Arthur B. Fuller. Trübner and Co.

The theory of woman's position,—her duties, responsibilities, rights, and immunities as woman—has of late years attracted a large share of public notice in America. Actual legislation on the subject we do not think has yet been attempted, but books are written, platform agitations organised, woman's rights conventions held, and other proofs given of the general interest felt in the question. Much of this excitement is the necessary result of the unhealthy turmoil which pertains to all social and political life in America. In England there are also questions of deep interest regarding woman's position, but they are not of a political kind as in the United States. Several works expressly relating to woman have lately been published in London, but none of them contains matter of more varied interest and practical importance than this volume of essays by the late Margaret Fuller, Countess D'Ossoli, of whose remarkable history and character we gave an account when her memoir was published, ('L. G.' 1852, p. 222). Margaret Fuller never joined in the public agitation concerning 'the rights of woman,' but she thought and wrote much on questions that seemed to affect the real state and position of her sex. Many of her papers on the subject were first

printed in the 'New York Tribune,' the editor of which, Horace Greeley, prefixes a recommendation notice to the present volume. The principal article, entitled *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, originally appeared in the 'Boston Dial,' in 1843, and afterwards, modified and expanded, was published as a separate volume. This work, with a selection of papers from the 'Tribune' and other sources, are arranged by Margaret Fuller's brother, whose warm admiration of the authoress and interest in the subjects here discussed by her, will be shared by many readers in England as well as in America.

SUMMARY.

AT this period of the war, when the successes in the Sea of Azoff have opened up the regions between the Black Sea and the Caspian to the Western nations, it is of great importance to establish political relations with the Circassians, if not to give them direct aid in military operations. The want of the language has been hitherto a great bar to intercourse with the natives, although many Englishmen feel deep interest in these brave mountaineers. Our readers may recommend to any of their friends, likely to turn the knowledge to practical use, *A Dictionary of the Circassian Language*, by Dr. L. Loewe (Bell), in two parts, in English-Circassian-Turkish, and Circassian-English-Turkish. The volume contains all the most necessary words for the traveller, the soldier, and the sailor, the proper pronunciation being given in the English character. The introductory remarks explain the structure of the language, and the peculiarities of phrase and of pronunciation. Even to those who have not leisure to study the language systematically, Dr. Loewe's dictionary might supply ready means of communication with the Circassian chiefs or people, and we hope the book will reach some in the army or navy in the East, who may turn it to use in our country's service.

An edition of *The Revised Liturgy of 1689* is edited by John Taylor, from the copy printed by order of the House of Commons (Bagster and Sons), consisting of the ordinary text of the Book of Common Prayer, interleaved with pages, on which are entered the alterations prepared for Convocation by the Royal Commissioners. The volume is valuable as a historical work, as well as profitable as a book of devotion, containing all the common version of the Prayer Book, with the additions suggested by the learned and pious prelates and clergy who superintended the final revision of the liturgy. Among the commissioners appointed by the crown we find the names of Burnet, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Patrick, Beveridge, Tenison, men noted for the moderation of their views as well as the excellence of their character. Political and ecclesiastical troubles caused the revision to be laid aside, and the alterations proposed in 1689 were forgotten until in 1854 the House of Commons ordered a copy of the original volume, discovered in Lambeth Palace Library, to be published. Of the history of the Royal Commission of 1689, and of the result of their labours, a sketch is given by Mr. Taylor in a brief introductory notice. The present reprint is remarkably neat and clear in its typography, as are most of the publications from the establishment of the Messrs. Bagster.

A metrical tale of the Crimean war, *The Cottage Hero*, by George William Swanston (Hope and Co.), is to be recommended for its patriotic spirit, if not for its poetry. *The Opinions of Napoleon I. on Russia and Poland*, edited, with remarks, by Count Krasinski (Chapman and Hall), deserve attentive perusal at the present time. On Administrative Reform a variety of pamphlets and documents are published, among which are speeches delivered in Parliament or at Drury Lane, and a series of tracts by the Association. Private opinions are also volunteered, as in a pamphlet on *The Reorganization of the Civil Service*, by a subordinate therein (Smith, Elder, and Co.), the writer of which thinks that the recently promulgated regulations leave untouched the worst parts of the old system, and introduces competition by book and

rote knowledge, not calculated to secure the most efficient public servants for the state. On the subject of *Schools of Industry*, a lecture by Cheyne Brady, M.R.I.A. (Hodges and Smith, Dublin), contains information and offers suggestions likely to be useful if adopted more generally in this country, as well as in Ireland. Of other miscellaneous pamphlets we give the following titles—*On the Economical Applications of Charcoal to Sanitary Purposes*, a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution by John Stenhouse, LL.D., F.R.S. (Highley); *Language, a Heaven-born Gift*, by Dr. K. P. Ter Reehorst (Judd and Glass), in which complaints of ill-qualified zeal in literary pursuits are introduced by the author, along with information on subjects to which he seems to have devoted much study. *The Signs of the Times*, a lecture delivered at Moffat, by R. H. Hunter, Esq. (Murray, Glasgow), addressed to students of prophecy. *Fall of the Czar, and Lament of St. Petersburg*, a poem occasioned by the death of Nicholas I., by a clergyman (Hope and Co.) An oration delivered on the 82nd anniversary of the Medical Society of London, by J. F. Clarke, Esq., treats of *The Medical Profession in its Relations to Society and the State* (Churchill).

A number of papers on a great variety of subjects, by Henry Ward Beecher, a brother, we suppose, of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which originally appeared in the 'New York Independent,' with the signature of a star, are now collected and published under the title of *The Star Papers* (Trübner and Co.). Some of the papers record the experience and observations of the writer, during a visit to the old world, and the whole volume consists of articles such as an intelligent and well-disposed American would contribute to a respectable newspaper, in the *feuilleton* of which instruction is looked for, as well as excitement and entertainment. His papers on Old England are very pleasantly written, and indicate a scholar and man of taste.

An American school work, *Cornell's Primary Geography* (Trübner and Co.), deserves place in collections of educational works for reference, but we have so many school atlases, superior in matter and in execution, published in Great Britain, that we do not recommend it for educational use in this country. Teachers may find in it useful hints about American geography to impart to their pupils, a greater space being devoted to that department than is usual in European text-books.

A little volume of excellent practical *Lectures on the Book of Job*, by the Rev. John Edward Kempe, M.A. Rector of St. James's, Westminster (Skeffington), preached in that church during Lent of the present year. *Truth; or, Great and Little Crosses*, a tale inculcating useful and pious lessons, by Lady Elizabeth K. Douglas, (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.). A cheap edition of Miss Wetherell's tale, *My Brother's Keeper* (Routledge and Co.), is distinguished, as all this writer's stories are, by pleasing style and commendable spirit.

Mr. Saunders' play, in five acts, *Love's Martyrdom* (Chapman and Hall), contains many passages of much poetical beauty, as we stated in noticing its performance at the Haymarket Theatre, the merits of which will be better appreciated when read in the study.

The second volume of the new edition of *Halton's View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages* (Murray). In this, as in the previous volume, the matter added since the early editions is inserted in the body of the work, instead of being appended in a supplement; and notes and references indicate the most recent discoveries and researches in regard to subjects discussed in the treatise.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aguilar's (Grace) *Home Influence*, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d. Chambers' *Educational Course*; *English-Germ. Dict.*, 6s. Chevreul (M. E.) on Colour, 2nd ed., post 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d. *Chronicles of Camber Castle*, 12mo, cloth, 9s. Demidoff's *Russia* 2 vols., royal 8vo, cloth, reduced, 18s. Elliott's *Commentary on the Ephesians*, 7s. 6d. Eyre's (Sir J.) *Treatise on the Stomach*, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Gesenius's *Hebrew and English Lexicon*, royal 8vo, £1 5s. Gilderdale's (G. S.) *Christian's Family Life*, 12mo, cl., 2s. 6d. Guy's (Joseph) *Geography*, 12mo, bound, 3s.

Hardwicke's Baronetage, &c., royal 32mo, cloth, 1s.
 Haes' (Dr.) History of the Christian Church, 8vo, cloth, 15s.
 Hawthorne's (N.) Tanglewood Tales, 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Helps' (A.) Spanish Conquest in America, 2 vols., 8vo, £1 8s.
 Horne's (Rev. T. H.) Communicant's Companion, 2s. 6d.
 Ida May, illustrated, 12mo, boards, new edition, 2s.
 James' (J. A.) Female Piety, 4th edit., 12mo, cloth, 4s.
 Jaquemet's (S. H.) Chronology, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Kalish's Commentary on Old Test., Exodus, Heb. & Eng., 15s.
 English, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
 Kemp's (Edward) Handbook of Gardening, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
 Kenneth, 3rd edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Lonsdale's (G.) Exposition of the Parables, 12mo, cl., 2s. 6d.
 Maury's (Lieut.) Geography of the Sea, royal 8vo, 8s. 6d.
 Morel's (A. S.) Disorders of Infancy, 16mo, 6s.
 Miller's (Rev. T.) Crimes, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 My Brother's Keeper, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
 Pratt's (Tidz) Income Tax, 2nd ed., 12mo, cloth, 4s.
 Pulpit, Vol. 67, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Sabbath at Home, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Stebbing's (H.) Helps to Reading of the Gospels, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Symond's (W. S.) Old Stones, 4s.
 Tales for the Road and Rail, 3 vols., 12mo, cloth, each, 2s. 6d.
 Taylor's (Pitt) Law of Evidence, 2 vols., royal 8vo, £2 16s.
 Whitfield's (E.) Amy and Her Mother, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

THE 'Autobiography of James Silk Buckingham,' the commencement of which we lately reviewed (*ante*, p. 259), has been abruptly brought to a close by the death of the narrator. The two volumes already published gave the history of his early life at great length, and even in the short period to which the narrative reaches, it indicates a life of more than ordinary vicissitude and adventure. James Silk Buckingham was born near Falmouth in 1786. In his youth he passed several years at sea, and also in a variety of occupations on shore, among which, his working as a compositor in printing-offices proved of most influence on his career through life. He first became known in public affairs by his attempt to open up the journalism of India at a period when the Court of Directors opposed all freedom of the press. Mr. Buckingham first went to Calcutta about the year 1815, we believe, when Lord Moira was Governor-General. His boldness of censure of abuses in Indian affairs, and especially his opposition to a notorious case of pluralism in one of the chaplains, who also held the lucrative office of Government stationer, led to his hasty expulsion from the presidency. His printing presses were seized, and the injustice if not the illegality of these proceedings, was in more liberal times acknowledged by the Court of Directors granting him a pension, which he enjoyed only for the last few years of his life. He went to Calcutta a second time, and always retained much interest in Indian affairs. He hailed with warm satisfaction the removal of the restrictions on the press in India, which the wise and liberal policy of Sir C. Metcalfe and Lord William Bentinck at length effected. In 1825 he established in London a paper, the 'Oriental Herald,' the precursor of various journals of the kind which now flourish. On his way to and from India, Mr. Buckingham travelled through various countries, and afterwards published narratives of his travels. In 1822 appeared 'Travels in Palestine,' in 1825 'Arabia,' in 1827 'Mesopotamia and Adjacent Countries,' and in 1830 'Assyria and Media.' At a later period he made tours in various parts of Europe and North America, his account of the latter occupying no fewer than ten volumes, three devoted to the Northern States of the Union, three to the Slave States, three to the Eastern and Western States, and one to Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The European travels are described in two volumes on Belgium, the Rhine and Switzerland, and two on France, Piedmont, and Switzerland. All these works contain much valuable descriptive and statistical matter, the author having paid more attention than is usual with tourists to the social condition of the countries which he visited. Mr. Buckingham was one of the most pleasing and instructive popular lecturers we have ever heard, especially in describing places which he had visited. For many years his chief occupation was giving such lectures in all parts of the country, which are remembered with satisfaction by many who were

present. In 1832 he was elected M.P. for Sheffield in the first reformed parliament, and retained his seat till 1837. In his political life he chiefly took active part in questions affecting social reforms. The temperance movement had in him a zealous advocate. In 1849 he published a volume entitled, 'National Evils and Practical Remedies,' in which he expounded his views on a variety of topics of public interest. Some of his schemes, such as the establishment of the British and Foreign Institute, chiefly attracted notice through the ridicule thrown on them in the pictorial records of 'Punch,' the conductors of which are sometimes very unscrupulous, when the raising of a laugh promotes the circulation of their paper. Mr. Buckingham died on the 30th ult., aged sixty-nine. He was a man of great kindness of heart and liberality of opinion, though somewhat capricious in his pursuits and unsettled in his occupation. His energies were generally devoted to useful and benevolent objects, and his want of success in life is to be ascribed to unstableness of purpose, and not to deficiency of industry or enterprise. We hope that his pension may be continued, during the short period that she can enjoy it, to his aged and invalid widow, who, we believe, was the devoted partner of his chequered life for a period of half a century.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES.

(From the *American Literary Gazette*.)

THE following abstract of the proceedings of the learned Copenhagen Association, at its late yearly meeting, has been communicated to me in Danish by the courtesy of its perpetual Secretary, the distinguished Charles C. Rafn. Its persevering and successful labours in bringing to light whatever concerns the history of our continent prior to the days of Columbus, and in establishing a Cabinet of American Antiquities at Copenhagen (unique in its kind in Europe), claim and will receive the gratitude of all Americans. This merit of the Society, and the fact that it numbers among its members many of our *cis-Atlantic* scholars and antiquarians, have induced me to request a place for this translated account of its last movements in the 'Gazette.' The learning and zeal of Rask, Magnusson, Petersen, Worsaae, Munch, and, above all, the assiduous and investigating Rafn, have placed this body of scholars at the head of all the archeological associations of Europe. F.

The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries made its annual meeting at the Palace of Christiansborg, on the 29th of April, under the presidency of his majesty the King of Denmark. The Vice-President, C. F. Wegener, Keeper of the Private Archives, read, by the desire of his majesty, a paper on a stone from Norway, now at Jägerspris, covered with German or so-called Anglo-Saxon runes. The Secretary, Professor Charles C. Rafn, Counsellor of State, then communicated an account of the operations and condition of the Society during the year 1854, and exhibited the volume of the 'Annaler for Nordisk Oldkyndighed' (Annals of Northern Archaeology) for the year 1853, and the volumes of the 'Antiquarisk Tidsskrift' (Antiquarian Journal) for the years 1852 and 1853; he also laid before the Society the first number of a poetical 'Lexicon of the Icelandic or Old-Northern Tongue,' compiled by the late Dr. Sveinbjörn Egilsson.

An account of a second journey to the Færöes, made in the summer of 1853, for the purpose of completing his collection of ballads, popular traditions, &c., was received from B. U. Hammerhaib. At the request of the directors of the Society, he had assumed the task of noting down the local names of places on those islands, and seven special charts of the different parishes had been furnished him for that purpose. At the fall meeting of the Society he laid before it specimens of a list containing a large number of local appellations of mountains, hills, rocks, valleys, ravines, springs, bays, fishing-banks, concealed rocks, &c.,

which are to be met with on or near Basagö, one of the group. On this island he had remained sufficiently long to enable him to visit all the hamlets, and thus to obtain a tolerably complete collection of names of places throughout its whole extent. Besides this, he had collected names from several others of the group; but, as it had been impossible for him to extend his tour so as to embrace all the islands, he had interested several intelligent inhabitants in the undertaking, and they had promised to direct their researches to the same end.

In accordance with a proposal made by Jón Sigurðsson, Keeper of the Archives, the Society commissioned Magnus Grimsson, of Reykjavík, to make special investigations into the ancient geography and the antiquities of Iceland, and drew up and sent to him a careful and complete set of instructions. The first results of his explorations, embracing the southern portion of Gullbringu Sýsla, had just been received. He expects, especially, to be able to give an extremely satisfactory account of the first settlement by Ingólf, and of Kjalarnes, the place where the early assembly or court was held.

Dr. H. Rink, lately appointed Inspector in Southern Greenland, had forwarded to the Cabinet of American Antiquities several curiosities discovered in the course of excavations in the churchyard at Herjufjörður—relics from the period of the ancient European colonization. The same gentleman had also contributed to the Greenlandic department of the Society's Historico-Antiquarian Archives a newly-drawn map of the district of Julianehaab, based upon the chart of the old Eystribygð, which was published in the 'Grónlands Historiske Mindesmarker' (the Historical Monuments of Greenland), with such corrections and additions as his extended travels among the fjords of that district had enabled him to make. He had forwarded, too, a number of ground-plans and views of remarkable European ruins in that portion of Greenland. Among these are some drawings of the ruins of the church at Herjufjörður, a tongue of land which received its name from Herjúlf, who settled there in 986, the same year in which his son, Bjarni, first saw the more southern shores of Massachusetts, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland; some plans of the existing remains of the cathedral and other buildings at the episcopal see of Garðar; and a sketch of the ruins of the house occupied by the lagmannur at Brattahlíð, where Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrith Thorbjarnardóttir, in the winter of 1006-7, celebrated their marriage festival, previous to commencing their remarkable voyage of discovery to the more southern regions of North America—the present Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Mr. Kleinschmidt, the missionary at New Herrnhut, had communicated some notes on the chorography and ancient geography of Greenland, comprising corrections to the map of the Julianehaab District, in regard to several fjords which he had had an opportunity of visiting and exploring.

Accompanying the communications of these two gentlemen—communications worthy of a more thorough examination—were many other notices and observations, throwing further light upon the various matters treated of in the different works exhibited by the Society on the early history of Greenland and the discovery of America by the Northmen.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE jurors selected to inspect the contributions to the Paris Universal Exhibition have commenced their duties. The arrangements of the interior of the Palace are still incomplete, and it will probably be towards the end of the month before everything is in its right place; but at a meeting held in the French capital on Monday last, it was declared "That it is desirable an early intimation should be given to the British public of the great excellence of the Exhibition and of its marked advance in the objects exhibited over that of 1851. That it is eminently worthy the attention of artists, of manufacturers and their workmen, and of all classes in the United Kingdom."

At this time, when so much notice has been called to the out-of-door recreations of the people, it is interesting to hear of a successful experiment connected with the Saturday half-holiday system among the working classes in Scotland. We find in the 'Caledonian Mercury' the following paragraph, written by one who was present on the occasion. Such excursions and lectures would form instructive and healthful additions to the objects of mechanics' institutes, and other associations for the working classes. "Mr. Hugh Miller gave an interesting and instructive lecture on geology to a number of the working classes on Saturday afternoon, in connexion with the Saturday Half-Holiday Association. The place of rendezvous was a large boulder of greenstone, lying in the sands, midway between Leith and Portobello. The lecturer here expatiated on the ice or glacier period, when Greenland's ice-like mountains girded the shores of Britain, by the agency of which these masses were torn from their native beds and conveyed to their present localities. The direction from whence this stone probably came was Salisbury Crags, which were of the same formation. That such boulders were carried down by ice, he showed convincingly, not only by the linear indentations running in a uniform direction, plainly discernible in all the stones on the beach, but by citing two instances which occurred in the north of Scotland during the last century, of large stones being lifted up by flakes of thick ice, and floated out to sea. The next object of interest pointed out was the raised sea-beach, indicating that the ocean at any age, prior to the Roman invasion, beat higher on these shores, a fact demonstrable by the zones of shells found embedded in the successive platforms now waving with corn. Our lecturer next introduced us to his deeply interesting museum, and afforded us there an opportunity of inspecting the fossils of the Silurian, sandstone, coal, and other formations, in their respective orders, and of comparing, by the aid of a powerful microscope, specimens of petrifications with those of fresh wood, and thus proving their identity. From this unique cabinet we sallied forth to inspect a neighbouring quarry, taking on our way a chalybeate spring, where we all quaffed its medicinal waters, suitable, it is said, for troublesome digestions. At the quarry we listened to a running commentary on coal measures, sandstone formations, ancient sea-ripple marks, clay beds, &c. &c., which concluded the lecture. Before parting, we surrounded our respected friend, when one of our number returned thanks, in a few appropriate sentences, for the rare scientific treat which we had all enjoyed, as well as for the kindness with which it was conveyed."

The annual dinner of the Royal Society of Arts took place in the Sydenham Crystal Palace this week, the Duke of Argyl presiding. The prosperity of the Society of Arts, of the 368 associated institutions, of the Crystal Palace Company, and the healths of Sir Joseph Paxton, of the Duke of Argyl, and various other personages, were toasted, and duly acknowledged in suitable speeches. Lord Granville, in proposing prosperity to the Crystal Palace Company, referred to the exertions of the Society of Arts to collect specimens of objects used in manufactures and arts, with the view of being exhibited in the Crystal Palace. Sir Joseph Paxton, in his reply, said that 70,000L were annually derived from patents in this country, a revenue which he thought ought to be wholly set aside to the advancement of science and art.

The Trade Museum, recently formed under the joint authority of the Exhibition Commissioners of 1851 and the Council of the Society of Arts, has attracted considerable attention since its opening on the 5th ult. The President and some of the Royal children have twice visited it. At the anniversary dinner on Tuesday, at the Crystal Palace, of the members of the Society and their friends, Sir Joseph Paxton gave a pretty broad hint about the wish of the Company to provide accommodation for the want of room complained of by the Council for developing their various exhibitions from time to time.

The death of Lord Raglan has produced deep feeling in all classes of society. In historical literature his name will be always associated with that of the Great Captain, whose military secretary he was during the chief part of his long professional career. In Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War,' justice is done to the merits of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. The recent message of the Queen to the Houses of Parliament, and the proceedings that took place in consequence, gave proof of the high estimation in which Lord Raglan's public services were held, while his personal and professional character is truthfully sketched in the general order from the Horse Guards announcing his death.

At the Royal Polytechnic Institution a collection of objects illustrative of Arctic scenes and adventures has been opened for exhibition, and an inaugural lecture was given last Saturday, by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, Captains Macfie, Collinson, and other distinguished explorers being among the audience. Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, has taken an active interest in forming this unique and interesting collection.

A new scale of salaries is declared to have been prepared for the officers of the Public Record Office, a department, save in the allowance made to the chief officer, as miserably underpaid as any of those connected with the Treasury. The sixteenth Report of Sir F. Palgrave has called forth a criticism and discussion which may be generally beneficial to the service, hardly as yet recognised, but of considerable public utility.

Another veteran geologist, Mr. Thomas Weaver, F.R.S., died on Monday last, at the advanced age of eighty-two. Mr. Weaver was personally but little known to the present race of geologists, having retired from the field of science for some years; but the Transactions of both the Royal and Geographical Societies testify of the important labours of his early life. The contemporary of Humboldt and von Buch, he acquired, in company with these illustrious men, the rudiments of mineralogy and geology under the tuition of Werner at Friberg, having been entered on the books of that celebrated mining establishment in 1790. Among his numerous contributions to science, his memoirs on Geology of the East and South of Ireland are, perhaps, the most valuable, for the service they rendered to the development of the mineral structure of that country. Mr. Weaver was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1826, and he was also a Fellow of the Geological Society and of the Royal Irish Academy. He was distinguished by a kind and friendly disposition which much endeared him to his geological associates.

Mr. T. H. Huxley, F.R.S., successor in the department of natural history at the Museum of Practical Geology to the late Professor Edward Forbes, has been elected Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution.

The valuable services which Mr. N. B. Ward, F.R.S. and L.S., has rendered to the science of botany by the invention of the Wardian Cases, used for the transporting and preservation of living plants, are about to be acknowledged by the presentation of a portrait of this eminent botanist to the Linnean Society, to be suspended in their Meeting Room. The subscription is limited to a guinea, and each subscriber is to receive a lithographed copy of the portrait.

The Rev. Dr. Croly had a gratifying testimonial presented to him in the form of a marble bust of himself, subscribed for by his parishioners and friends, modelled and executed by Mr. Behnes. The presentation took place in the Mansion House, which is in Dr. Croly's parish, St. Stephen's Walbrook, and was succeeded by "an elegant *déjeuner*" in the Egyptian Hall, as might have been expected when the testimonial was presented by the present hospitable Lord Mayor.

The list of pensions charged on the civil list, granted from the 20th June, 1854, to 20th June, 1855, comprises only two awarded for services connected with literature—viz., 100L. to Thomas Keightley, editor of Milton's works, and to Mrs. Kitto, widow of Dr. Kitto, editor of the 'Pictorial Bible.'

A meeting of Art-Workmen is to be held in the Architectural Museum, Cannon-row, when the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Principal of the Working Men's College, will deliver an address.

Mr. Francis Robert Bertolacci, who was selected some twelve months ago for the appointment of Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, held by the late Mr. Lockhart, has been formally reinstated, after having retired from the office by the special permission of the present Chancellor, the Earl of Harrowby. This selection has lost none of its unpopularity.

Two or three months ago the London Society of Compositors took a house in Raquet Court, Fleet-street, to be fitted up with news-rooms, library, and other apartments for the convenience of the members. From a recent report of the acting committee, we are glad to observe that a large collection of useful and valuable books of reference has been already made, the number of volumes now being above 300, about 250 of which have been sent gratis chiefly by the members. Some of our readers may be glad of the opportunity of aiding the London Society of Compositors to improve their library. Donations of books will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged. Works of reference and standard books have been purchased with the funds of the Society, which the Committee have judiciously refrained from expending on lighter publications. But for the recreation of the members other kinds of reading are also desirable, and the library is as yet almost wholly unsupplied with books of miscellaneous literature.

Mr. William Russell, the well-known Crimean correspondent of 'The Times,' it is affirmed, will collect materials for a history of the war since its commencement, besides revising his admirable communications to the journal which he represents.

M. de Sacy was a few days ago formally received a member of the Académie Française, to which he was elected some months back. He is principal editor of the *Journal des Débats* of Paris, and is a distinguished political writer and literary critic, but he is not an author of books. In accordance with the usual custom, he delivered a long harangue at taking his seat, and M. de Salvandy replied to him in another equally long.

In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, M. Bravais announced that M. Raffenel, the African traveller, was prepared to submit to the Academy the meteorological and other scientific observations taken by him in the course of an expedition into the interior of Africa, commenced by order of the French Government in 1846. His orders were to pass right through the vast continent from the west to the east—a distance of about 900 French leagues. The difficulties he had to contend with from the very outset of his journey were very considerable; and when he had advanced as far as 250 leagues into the interior, he was made a prisoner by the king of Kuarta. This potentate detained him for eight months, and during that time the traveller suffered greatly from ill-health, the horrible climate, and the malevolence of his majesty's barbarous subjects. He was at length so worn out by physical and moral suffering, that on his release he had to return to France, abandoning the execution of his project. In spite, however, of all he had to endure, he succeeded in taking a great many meteorological, geographical, and ethnological observations; but circumstances have hitherto prevented him from putting them into a shape for presentation to the scientific world.

Modern French literature has just sustained a great loss by the death of Madame de Girardin. She was stricken down on Friday last in the full prime of life, but after a long and painful illness. When quite young she, under her maiden name of Delphine Gay, gained great reputation, under the proud name of 'Muse de la Patrie,' and some exquisite poetical productions which even Lord Byron admired, though he had small liking for French verse. Her subsequent literary labours, extending over many years, are familiar to all who have occupied themselves in any degree with

French literature. Some delightful romances, some fascinating tales, some admirable and delicate sketches of Parisian life, some excellent literary criticisms, a tragedy or two, some exquisite comedies, and amongst them a perfect *chef d'œuvre* brought out not long ago at the Théâtre Français, under the title *La joie fait peur*, and finally some *vaudivilles* full of the most sprightly fun and dazzling wit; such are her contributions to the literary treasures of France. Of these we may expect that more than one will last long after the generation for which it was written shall have passed away. Nor was Madame de Girardin only a writer, she was one of the wittiest and most charming of the proverbially witty and charming women of Paris. Her *salon* was the favourite resort of all the most brilliant writers, the most distinguished actors, musicians, and artists, the most renowned *satirists*, and the most famous politicians of the day, foreign as well as French; and her intelligence and conversational power shone brightly amongst theirs. She was not only the colleague but the hearty and cordial friend of nearly all the most popular writers of modern France, and Balzac, and Hugo, and others of these were glad to receive her counsels. Her funeral took place on Monday, and she was followed to her last home by the *élite* of Parisian society, literary, artistic, learned, and political. Jules Janin, in accordance with French custom, delivered a fitting speech over her grave.

The *Message des Théâtres* of Paris announces that Mdlle. Rachel has been nominated by the Minister of State Professor of Declamation at the Conservatoire. The same journal says that she has renewed her engagement with the Théâtre Français, but subject to the condition that she shall be allowed fifteen months' absence to fulfil her contracts in the United States. It adds that her departure is to take place on the 25th of this month, but that she is to give six performances previously.

The Council of the Art Union feel acutely the disadvantages of the lottery system to some of their subscribers. In their latest circular is the following paragraph, which is to make every one, patient enough, a prize-holder: "The Council have had their attention directed to the circumstance that some of the earliest subscribers, who have continued to be members of the Society up to the present time, have never obtained a prize, and may, to some extent, feel less personal interest in its maintenance than formerly. Considering it desirable to re-awaken this interest, and to acknowledge the advantage which the corporation derives from the continuous support of steady friends, it has been resolved that every member who shall have subscribed for ten consecutive years, ending with the year 1856, and shall not have gained a prize of any kind in that period, shall be entitled to one of the porcelain busts of Clytie."

M. Geerts, the Belgian sculptor, who is so well known in England, died recently at Antwerp.

Last Friday an extra night was given at the Royal Italian Opera, for the farewell performance of Mdlle. Jenny Ney, in *Il Trovatore*. The success of Verdi's work has been most complete, and where the parts can be filled as they have been during this season at Covent Garden, the opera must always prove attractive. The *Azucena* of Madame Viardot is the finest of all her representations, and Tamberlik and Graziani admirably sustain their parts. Mdlle. Ney on the first night of her appearing in *Leonora*, gained the entire confidence of the house, both by her acting and singing, and every repetition of the performance increased her claim to distinction. Her previous appearance in the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, an opera more generally praised than relished, and on such an occasion as the royal and imperial state visit, was an unfair trial for a new artiste, but Mdlle. Ney on the first night of the *Trovatore* proved that the reputation with which she came to this country was well founded. All her subsequent performances, both at Covent Garden and at various concerts, satisfied us that her reappearance in London will be gladly welcomed. During this

week Madame Grisi's farewell performances have been continued. On Thursday evening a mixed entertainment was given, consisting of the *Lucrezia Borgia*, the second act of the *Barber of Seville*, and a scene from the *Eva* ballet, the King of the Belgians and the Princess Charlotte, with the Queen and the royal party, being present.

Rossini's *Donna del Lago* was produced on Monday night at the Royal Opera, Drury-lane. The part of *Ellen* was sustained by Miss Lucy Escott, an American, we believe, by birth, who has gained a good name by her performance in some of the theatres in Italy. Her voice is a high soprano, of more clearness than strength, and used with much skill. The part of *Malcolm Graeme* was admirably performed by Miss Fanny Huddart, whose rich-toned and wide-registered voice, from deepest contralto to clear soprano, is managed with highest art. Had Miss Huddart borne an Italian name, her performance would probably have been received with an enthusiasm equal to that of Alboni. But being one of our own countrywomen, she will have to work her way more slowly to popular favour. In the scene, *O quante lagrime*, and the following duet with Miss Escott, there was a fine display of vocalization, by which the audience was brought to some warmth of feeling, the early part of the opera being somewhat coldly received. Mr. Hamilton Braham's performance of *Douglas* was very good. His fine bass voice has gained in art and has not diminished in power during his several years' absence from London. The beautiful music of the opera was well given by the band under Mr. Willy, especially the fine scene at the end of the second act, the moonlight gathering of the clans. The choruses were deficient, both in strength and training; but the opera as a whole was produced in a manner highly creditable to the management, and wonderful when we remember the means at disposal through the low prices of admission.

At the concert of the New Philharmonic Society, on Wednesday evening, the most remarkable feature was a new cantata by Mr. Howard Glover, *Tam O'Shanter*, a musical translation of parts of Burns' well-known poem. The recitatives and tenor solos were given by Mr. Miranda, and some of the airs and concerted music were striking and expressive. While the work is wholly original, national characteristics, suitable to the subject, ingeniously mark the composition. Mr. Glover made his appearance on the loud call of the audience, among whom was M. Meyerbeer. Among the other pieces of an unusually long programme one of the most notable was Berlioz's *Symphony, Harold in Italy*, in the violin obligato in which Herr Ernst had scope for a masterly performance. Madame Amadei and Mdlle. Falconi were the vocalists of the evening, and Mr. Klindworth presided at the piano.

The general arrangements for the Birmingham Musical Festival at the end of August have been announced. The oratorios are to be the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt* of Handel, *Elijah* of Mendelssohn, *Mount of Olives* of Beethoven, and Mozart's *Requiem*. A new oratorio, *Eli*, by Mr. Costa, is to be performed. Among the names of the vocalists for the oratorios and the general concerts are Madames Castellan, Viardot, Grisi, Bosio, Rudersdorff, Dolby; and Lablache, Formes, Reichardt, Gardoni, Weiss, and Sims Reeves. At the last triennial meeting at Birmingham, the proceeds of the festival amounted to 4700*l.*, for the funds of the general hospital.

The last of the Orchestral Union Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, was given at St. Martin's Hall last evening. We have heard this orchestral association several times this season with much satisfaction, and their performances show the high excellence that may be attained by the frequent practisings of able professional men under judicious direction.

The first reunion of the members, associates, and students of the Royal Academy of Music, takes place at St. Martin's Hall next Wednesday, when the names of Madame Weiss, Misses Dolby, Ransford, Messent, Messrs. Holmes, Richardson, Blagrove, and other vocalists and instrumental

performers of distinction, are announced in the programme.

Last Saturday a very good concert was given at the Hanover-square Rooms, by Heinrich Werner, a young pianist of great skill. A soprano singer, Mdlle. Villars, of prepossessing appearance, and with a most pleasing voice, was warmly encored in the two songs which formed her part of a well-selected and varied programme.

The Princess Marcelline Czartoryska is to give a morning concert at the Marquis of Breadalbane's House in Park-lane, on the 13th inst., in aid of the Funds of the Literary Association of Friends of Poland.

Roger, the French tenor, has been engaged by the direction of the Grand Opera at Paris to sing the principal part in the opera of *Santa Chiara*, by the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, which, as we have already stated, is to be brought out in August next, in presence of the Queen and Prince Albert. Roger's engagement is to be for four months, and he is to receive for it 40,000 francs (160*l.*)

The French government some years back instituted a series of prizes in money, for the most moral pieces produced at the theatres in the course of the year. A commission charged to examine the pieces brought out in the course of last year, has reported that none of them merit the prizes; but it has awarded "honourable mentions," and grants of smaller sums to the authors of three pieces, decided respectively, *Que dira le monde?* *Les Oiseaux de proie*, and *l'Ecole des Agneaux*.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

METEOROLOGICAL. — March 27th. — Dr. R. T. Thomson in the chair. A paper was read "On the late Severe Weather, and on the Crystals of Snow observed during its Continuance," by James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S. The present year was ushered in with a high temperature, exceeding its average by quantities varying from 8° to 12° daily. On Jan. 10th a cold period set in, together with a dense fog, and the temperature which was as high as 49°.6 on the 9th, fell to 26° on the 10th. This diminution of temperature was accompanied by a change in the wind, which, as shown by the "Daily News" returns, from blowing a compound from the west, changed to a compound from the east; and, with few exceptions, has so continued up to the present time. On Jan. 12th and 13th the temperature was about its average value, but after the 14th, when the cold set in, its departures were very considerable, particularly over the south, west, and eastern parts of England. Scotland and the northern counties were frequently exempt from any share in the great severity of the period, which was also less severely felt at sea-side than at inland places. The lowest temperature—viz., 0°.8, took place at Berkhamsted, and varied at different places in England on different days from 3°, 5°, 7°, and 10°. For a similar period to the one which has just passed, it is necessary to go back to the year 1814. That year, however, commenced with a very low temperature, a frost having set in on Dec. 26, 1813. The intensity of the two periods was about the same; it ended, in 1814, on March 21, whereas, with the exception of a short intermission about the first week in March, the temperature of the present period has descended lower and more frequently than in that of 1814, in which year the coldest day was on January 10, when the reading was 19°.6; the lowest temperature in this year also occurred in January, and was 19°.2. In 1814, the lowest temperature in February was on the 4th, and was 22°; the lowest reading in this month of the present year was 20°.6, and took place on the 18th, and this February was a much more severe month than the February of 1814. The mean temperature of February, 1814, was 32°.4, and that of the present year was 29°.3. The remarkable feature of the late severe weather has been the peculiar character and continuous fall of snow, which first made its appearance on Jan. 16, and laid on the ground from that date till the end of February. The average amount did not at any one time exceed a foot in depth,

and its density has been from 8 to 10 inches of fresh fallen to 1 inch of water, which its melting has produced. The drifts have varied from 5 feet to 10 feet. The snow this year has been of that kind which former writers have designated 'Polar snow,' it having been chiefly composed of crystalline particles of compound figure, which they supposed to be confined, with rare exceptions, to the Arctic regions. This supposition, however, is not supported by the great prevalence this year of innumerable crystals, which have exhibited a degree of crystalline formation equal to any that have been recorded as seen in colder latitudes. They have been very generally distributed, and, whilst prevalent, attracted a considerable share of public attention. The primary figure or base of each crystal was either a star of six radii, or a plane hexagon. The compound varieties included combinations of spiculae, prisms, and laminae, clustered upon and around the radii, and seemed, in their various stages of formation and almost endless variety, to defy any attempt to classify or arrange them into groups. At the commencement of the frost simple stellar forms were very prevalent, and fell in clusters of from ten to twenty in a group, with a temperature at or about the freezing point. They were observed to fall both during a profound calm, with gusts and hard wind, and frequently unaccompanied with snow. On examination through a Coddington lens, they were found to be composed of transparent spiculae, from which diverged other spiculae, set upon the main radii of the figure at an angle of 60° . A great number of plane hexagons fell on the morning of Feb. 8; some of these were of transparent laminae, beautifully marked, with successive and inner tracings. As the morning advanced they became intermixed with others set round with solid hexagons, which continued to fall until an hour before noon. For half-an-hour after several large crystals, of compound figure, fell with the snow; their centre or nucleus was similar to the compound hexagons of the morning, from which diverged radii laden on either side, with prisms, each set on at an angle of 60° . From this time till four o'clock few crystals were observed; after four, innumerable crystals, of arborescent forms, were discernible. The nucleus of the greater number was a plane hexagon, marked with inner parallel tracings, from which diverged radii, each of which intersected a crystalline formation similar in appearance to the fronds Lady Fern. As the evening advanced these became less prevalent, and they fell mingled with almost every variety which had previously fallen during the day. Snow continued to fall till late at night, when it lay upon the ground to the depth of eight inches. The day will long be remembered as one of the most keen and inclement of the wintry period under discussion. The minimum of the preceding night had been $29^{\circ} 8$, and throughout the day the temperature never rose higher than 32° . Snow fell, without intermission, from early morning till late at night; it was accompanied by a piercing wind, and in the afternoon, when the arborescent form again set in, it was blowing quite a storm; traffic on the railway was for a time suspended, and the day was one of bitter and intense cold. "When," says Mr. Glaisher, "I went out at long past midnight, the snow sparkled everywhere with crystals, as granite sparkles with the grains of mica; every leaf, cobweb, knotty projection, and sheltered nook, bore its burden of drifted snow and glistening crystals; it was a night to be remembered for the extreme loveliness of nature arrayed in her most wintry garb." A large number of crystals fell on the mornings of Feb. 13, 16, and 17. Some, and the greater number, were arborescent in different stages of formation, with three large, alternating with three small pinnæ, studded with prisms and spiculae extending on either side of the principal radii. Some exhibited an appearance towards the end of each pinnæ like a tuft of bended leaves, with serrated edges, white and seemingly opaque. Mr. Glaisher accounts for this appearance by the passage of the crystal in its descent, through different regions of the atmosphere, in some of which it had become partially

thawed and again frozen, in which condition it had been received on the surface of the earth. This conjecture is the more probable, as the jagged and serrated appearance is often attendant upon the first thawing of these bodies on entering a temperature above the freezing point; the opaque and white appearance is communicated by a subsequent formation of granulated particles of snow, in all probability attaching to it whilst in a transition state in its descent to the earth. On Feb. 21, with a temperature of 20° , there fell for an hour, unaccompanied by snow, a great variety of intensely beautiful and complicated figures; the radii were encrusted with solids, both of rhomboidal and irregular shape, cut into many facets, and heaped one upon the other. On this morning there were numerous double crystals, that is, two double crystals united by an axis at right angles to the plane of each; they generally fell with their radii intermediate, and the radii of the upper somewhat projected beyond the radii of the under crystal. Two days after, that is, on Feb. 23, the frost gave way, but for some hours in the morning Mr. Glaisher was able to continue his observations. The morning was overcast and calm, and snow fell in flakes accompanied by minute spiculae; soon after nine o'clock a change took place, and mingled with the heavy flakes, there fell a large number of thick snowy crystals. On examining them with a Coddington lens, they were found to consist of an assemblage of prisms, grouped in thick arrangement and bristling up (if the phrase may be allowed) at all angles from some invisible nucleus; some of the prisms were longer than others, but most of them were notched here and there, giving indications of the intended formation of other prisms or spiculae. The longer prisms were midway in character between prisms of high crystalline formation and the ordinary spiculae. After the lapse of half-an-hour the common flakes were fewer in number, and were accompanied with innumerable spiculae; these did not fall separately, but in groups of several, clinging to each other at all angles. They had a fleecy appearance to the naked eye, but under the glass were long and rounded prisms, partaking much of the character of an icicle, but all notched and tapering to a point. At this time the air was soft and mild, and the snow was falling thickly. At half-past ten the air was still, calm, and the snow continued; at this time it was easy to detect here and there pinnules in an intermediate stage of formation. The spiculae, which were still falling, were now of greater length, and their figure more perfectly developed. At eleven, crystals were falling of great beauty and transparency, but of simple figure; they were thin and transparent in the highest degree, and bore a leafy appearance; very many of them were double. Whilst observing them, they changed their figure in the most curious and kaleidoscope manner possible, the upper groups of prisms collapsing first, the next in order next, and so on, the collapsing each time dissolving three or more prisms into one—a change effected with instantaneous rapidity. This was the first step preparatory to their dissolving; the next step was the rounding of every angle that remained; and the next step to that, the extension and thickening of spiculae, which had served as axes to the prisms, and which derived accession from their half fluid and dissolving matter. In this manner they continued to exchange one simple form for another, yet more simple until the pristine drop of water occupied the site of the former crystal. At 11:15 snow was falling quickly in minute crystals as described; the air was genial and mild, the clouds lightened as preparatory to sunshine, and the birds for a while sung joyously; all nature seemed to rejoice at the mitigation of the weather. At 12 the snow had all but ceased, and the temperature was 37° ; the cocks crew as anticipating a change; the birds answered each other from the trees; icicles two feet in length, which had been noticed for sixteen days previously, began fast to melt away; all nature but the birds was still, and what is rarely seen, the trees were dripping moisture, while the snow lay like rime upon their

branches and bended stems. At 1:13 the temperature was $35^{\circ} 5$, and small and fine snow was again falling, water was dripping everywhere, the birds were singing joyously, and the calm continued. After a short intermission the cold set in again, but with much abated vigour, and on the mornings of March 8, 9, and 10, with a temperature a few degrees above the freezing point. Mr. Glaisher observed a number of stellar crystals, made up almost entirely of spiculae and half-dissolving prisms. They were between $0^{\circ} 3$ and $0^{\circ} 4$ in diameter; they fell sparingly without snow, sometimes singly, but more often in groups of three or four together. The collapsing—which would seem to be a method of change peculiar to a temperature below freezing—was not witnessed on this day, but the process of dissolving at a temperature above 32° was seen to great perfection, the outer and bounding line of each figure, and its component parts, became exchanged for curved lines bending inwards, whilst the crystalline matter, every instant becoming more watery, ran out at the angles of the prisms in the form of spiculae. The prisms of the crystals, thus in a transition state to their original fluid medium, presented—each an exact similitude to a holly leaf, and as being made up of curved lines—a very anomalous appearance. This change was not always simultaneous; sometimes commencing at either or both ends of the radii. There is room for much examination and study respecting the manner of dissolving of these bodies, which, under some circumstances, would doubtless show a reversal of the conditions under which they were originally formed, and attained their compound figure. The author next proceeded to give a brief summary of each day's observations. On Feb. 8, they commenced with a temperature of 29° , which subsequently increased to 32° , at which temperature it continued for many hours. During the whole of this time, conspicuous for its uniform temperature, the prevailing figure of the crystals continued to change until, towards the close of the day, they fell mingled together in the greatest profusion. In the early part of the morning, it will be remembered, they were arborescent; that these forms suddenly ceased and were exchanged for hexagons; that these again became the centre of a more complicated arrangement; that after a time these diminished in numbers, when the arborescent form again prevailed; and, finally, a mingling of nearly all that had previously fallen. On Feb. 16, with a temperature of 26° , there were two distinct orders of crystals—those which were arborescent, and exhibited an intermediate formation, and those of cruciform character, of solid hexagons, cut into numerous facets. Feb. 17, with a temperature of 32° throughout, exhibited figures, it will be remembered, composed of elongated prisms, ranged parallel to each other, and of very similar character. There were, however, exceptional instances of the prevailing forms of Feb. 16. On Feb. 21, with the lowest temperature—viz., 20° , the figures were singularly compound, and departed more than on any previous day from the figure of the regular hexagon. On Feb. 23, the last day of the frost, there were a large number of arborescent crystals of one common character, and which never ceased collapsing into more and more simple figures. On March 8, after a week's respite, the cold set in again. The crystals on this, and the next two consecutive days, were of a very distinctive class of purely stellar figure, and composed chiefly of fine spiculae. From these observations it would seem, that however temperature may affect these bodies, it is more than likely that other conditions of a different nature are involved in their formation. This apparently was the view taken by a writer in the 'Phil. Trans.' for 1672. Speaking of snow crystals (says the Rev. J. Langwith), it is not easy to determine whether these figures may not be the result of the chemical components of the atmosphere, which, as they preponderate, may not, under certain conditions of temperature, give rise to these curiously simple and compounded bodies. Dr. Smallwood, of Isle Jesus, Canada East, imagines them to be intimately connected

with the electrical states of the atmosphere, whether negative or positive. The foregoing observations show a wide difference between the various orders of crystalline formation; and it would seem from them, that the greater the cold, the greater the departure from the simple star, with all its various arranged spicule; also, that shortly after the descent of a crystal, at any temperature below the freezing point, various processes of change took place, which are evidently an undoing, if not a reversal of the operations which had assisted in their formation. These changes through which every crystal passes, even at temperatures very many degrees below the freezing point, each more destructive than the last of its crystalline and compound figure, led the author to the same conclusion.

R. S. OR LITERATURE. — June 27th.—Sir J. Doratt, V.-P., in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society: the Rev. D. J. Patterson Drakeford, B.A.; J. D. Lewis, M.A.; J. P. Peachey, Esq.; and R. S. Poole, Esq. Mr. Vaux read a paper by C. W. Goodwin, Esq., 'On a Coptic Papyrus in the British Museum.' Mr. Goodwin proved, by a careful examination of the fragments still remaining of this document, that it must have been a grant of land to some monastery, the name of which is now lost, and that it was written, in all probability, at Thebes, between the 8th and 9th centuries A.D. It is well known that all Coptic MSS. are extremely scarce; hence, this one, though much injured by time, and imperfect both at the beginning and the end, has considerable interest and value. Appended are the names of several witnesses to the deed. The Rev. Mr. Porter, of Damascus, subsequently gave to the Society a very interesting oral account of the present state of the neighbourhood of that city, and exhibited a map, beautifully executed by himself, of the district now called the *Hauran* (anciently *Auranitis*). Mr. Porter expressed it as his opinion that there were numerous sites around Damascus which would well repay a careful excavation.

ROYAL INSTITUTION. — *General Monthly Meeting.* — July 2nd.—Sir Charles Fellowes, Vice-President, in the chair. Thomas Pargeter Dickenson, Esq., Thomas Dunn, Esq., John MacLennan, M.D., and Captain Raymond White, were elected Members of the Institution. Thanks were voted to Professor Faraday and Colonel Rawlinson, for their discourses on the evenings of June 8th and 15th; and the Managers elected Thos. H. Huxley, Esq., F.R.S., as Fullerian Professor of Physiology.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday. — Zoological, 9 p.m.
Wednesday. — Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
Saturday. — Botanic, 4 p.m.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

W^lmar, June 23, 1855.

WEIMAR is a most pleasant place for the tourist to select as his head-quarters, for the various excursions which abound in the neighbourhood, as well as a spot interesting from its association with some of the great names connected with German literature. It was the asylum of Goethe, of Schiller, Herder, Wieland, and other men of genius and learning. Lucas Cranach and Musæus died here, and the great Duke Bernard, the hero of the Thirty Years' War, and friend of Gustavus Adolphus, reigned here. Liszt, the great pianoforte player and composer, resides here now, and I hear Karl Gutzkow has received and accepted an invitation to occupy the post of theatrical censor to the Duke of Weimar. A few days ago the duke, accompanied by his staff and a numerous suite, made an excursion to Eisenach to assist at the consecration of Luther's chapel, which has lately been restored.

The bells sounded through the town as the procession, headed by the Grand-Duke, wound its way up the almost precipitous road leading to the Wartburg. Luther's celebrated hymn, 'Eine festeburg ist unser Gott' (A mighty castle is our God), was trumpeted from the western tower, and the new organ, presented by private subscription, pealed forth the music to the hymn composed for the occasion by Duke William of Saxe-Weimar. The whole ceremony was most imposing and impressive. On the 5th of June another most interesting ceremony took place, not far from this—viz., the celebration of the eleven hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint Bonifacius, the Apostle of the Germans, and the founder of the Christian church in Thuringia. The festival took place on a hill at Altenburg, near Reinhardt's well, upon which St. Boniface, in A.D. 724, had erected a chapel in honour of John the Baptist (the first Christian church in Thuringia). On the site of this chapel, Count Louis of the Bird built a church in A.D. 1040, but this church, too, perished in time, and about forty years ago a candelabra was erected on the spot where it had stood. It consists of three angels' heads, supported on a capital, and bearing a lamp, from which issue three tongues of fire, meant to symbolise the three Churches of Christianity in the West. Festivals in honour of the same saint have taken place at Fulda, where his crozier and books, as well as the dagger with which he was murdered, and a part of the robes he wore, were borne in procession. There was a great concourse of bishops and other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church assembled, Prince Schwarzenberg, Bishop of Prague, and the Papal Nuncio of Vienna, being amongst them. Wagner's opera, *Tannhäuser*, has just been performed here, under the direction of Capellmeister Liszt, with great applause; and also a new play by Alfred Meissner, entitled the *Pretender of York*. Prince Włascinski, a Russian poet of some eminence, has taken up his residence here. From Berlin we have been informed of the death of Jacob Schesinger, at the age of sixty-four. He was one of the ablest picture cleaners and restorers in Germany. He commenced life as an artist, and executed some excellent portraits and flower-pieces; his studies were interrupted for three years by an attack of ophthalmia. He was then taken up by the brothers Boissiere, to the restoration of whose celebrated collection of Dutch paintings he devoted much time. He was subsequently invited by Humboldt, Schinkel the architect, and Rauch the sculptor, to visit Berlin, where he passed the remainder of his life in the gallery, cleaning and restoring, and working with as much zeal as if the pictures were his own property. He had a deep knowledge of art, and an unusual facility of adapting himself to any school or style, so that one could with difficulty detect his restorations from the original work on the picture. Some houses in one of the most cheerful streets in Carlsruhe have just been allotted to the new School of Art for Baden, which has been founded by the Prince Regent, whose liberal patronage of art cannot be too highly commended.

Professor Schirmer, who formerly resided at Dusseldorf, and who is well known as one of the first landscape painters in Germany, has accepted the post of Director, and under his care the school is making rapid progress; already the pupils give striking proofs of the zeal and talent of their master in calling forth and turning to proper account their varied talents. Schirmer's own works are a great ornament to the academy: his charcoal sketches are masterly productions, and his groupings of figures unrivalled in their truth to nature and beauty of execution. The model, by Wredon, the Berlin sculptor, for the eighth group of semi-colossal statues to adorn the famous 'Castle Bridge' of Berlin, has just been forwarded to Carrara to be there executed in marble. A beautiful statue of Beethoven was lately cast for America from a model by Crawford, the American sculptor, long resident in Rome, in the royal foundry in Munich; and now within the last few days a colossal statue of Berzelius has been completed in the same institution—the model is by the Swedish sculptor,

Quarnström, Director of the Academy of Arts in Stockholm, for which town the monument is intended. Berzelius, one of the most learned men of the day, lived and died in the Swedish capital.

VARIETIES.

Discovery of Saxon Coins. — A party of drainers have been employed during the past week in draining some fields in the neighbourhood of Scotby. While engaged in their laborious occupation in a meadow belonging to Mr. Sutton, one of the men turned up a number of coins and some bars of metal, the real value of which he had no conception of. The soil in which they were found was almost like that of peat moss in a saturated state, and from the low situation the water seems to have accumulated and remained there for centuries. The articles discovered soon passed from the hands of the finders to those of persons who better appreciated their worth, not from their intrinsic value, but from their rarity and the interest attached to them from the age which originated them. All the coins were of Saxon origin, reaching almost as far back as the time of Alfred the Great. They are of silver, and in an excellent state of preservation. Some bear the name of "Edward the Elder," others that of "Athelstan," or, as the impression has it, "Adelstan," his son, and first king of Britain. There is some dispute as to the justice of this title among historians, but upon these coins, which were discovered on Monday last, there is proof positive that Athelstan himself considered he had a right to the honour, and consequently styled himself King of Britain. Alfred the Great, the father of Edward the Elder, died on the 26th of October, A.D. 901, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirtieth of his reign. He was succeeded by his son Edward the Elder, so that it seems the coins in question are nearly 1000 years old. In appearance they look as if they had just emerged from the mint, except that the metal is blackened by age. The impressions are as perfect as on the day they were struck. Athelstan was the natural son of Edward. In addition to the coins were found, in the same field, in close proximity, several bars of pure silver, which seem to indicate that they were there for the purpose of coinage. It is known that favoured subjects in early times received licenses to coin money, under heavy penalties in case of abuse of the privilege. It is not improbable that the coins and silver discovered at Scotby may have been lost in the hands of one of these persons. It appears almost certain, from the distinctness of the marks on the die, that the money had never been in circulation. Besides the coins and silver, an iron instrument of the shape of a small billhook, and answering to the description of the ancient Saxon weapon, the "bill," was thrown out of the drain, having been dug up from a depth of upwards of six feet. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and the rude workmanship of the age and the roughness, though genuineness of the metal, are no bad proofs of its antiquity.—*Carlisle Patriot*.

The Weekly Half Holiday Movement. — On Saturday, June 23, the workmen and boys employed in the extensive printing-office of Messrs. Clowes and Sons, Stamford-street, commenced the system of leaving off work on Saturdays at three o'clock, P.M., an arrangement having been made which has given satisfaction to all concerned, and by which the numerous persons engaged at fixed weekly wages have each to work one hour less per week, the Messrs. Clowes generously making no deduction for this loss of labour.—*Typographical Circular*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to an inquiry about the editor of Sydney Smith's Memoir, this Lady Holland is the wife of Sir Henry Holland, M.D., and no relation to the Holland House family.

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